

C N CALLING

When men speak
ill of you live so
that nobody will
believe them

Number 1002

JUNE 4, 1938

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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THE IMMENSE
CHANGE
COMING OVER
CANADA

See page 4

THE HARVEST SHALL NOT FAIL

Nature and the Widow's Cruse
WHEAT ENOUGH, COAL ENOUGH, OIL
ENOUGH FOR ALL

When Elijah came to the gate of the city the widow was there gathering sticks, and he said, Fetch me, I pray thee, a little water and a morsel of bread.

And she said, I have not a cake, but a handful of meal in a barrel and a little oil in a cruse, and I am gathering sticks that I may go in and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat, and die.

And Elijah said, Fear not, but make me a little cake. The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail.

NATURE seems to take a pride in upsetting the prophets when they try to take stock of her.

She has always something more in her bottomless pocket than they reckoned on, whether it is coal, or corn, or oil. If one of these needs of the world should run short she is always ready with something to replenish the supply.

Professor William Jevons was the economist who is best remembered for his worst essay, on the future of the coal mines. In 1864, having had the subject for some time in his mind, he said that in a hundred years the country's coal would be near its end.

Scientists Who Were Wrong

Not many people at that time read the professor's learned essays on the gold standard or logic; but the warning on the coal supply was such a popular success that he was prevailed on to repeat it at intervals for four years after. By that time the idea had been magnified into a firm belief that not only England's coal supply would fail to outlast the century, but the whole world would be hard put to it to find fuel.

The only needful commentary on the Jevons prophecy is that Great Britain last year produced 226 million tons of coal, the United States 380 million tons, and the whole world together nearly 1000 million tons.

The coal which Nature has still in her cellars is about eight million million tons. Professor Jevons was thousands of years out.

Then there was wheat. Professor Jevons was rather before our time, though echoes of his prophecy were still heard when we were at school; but we actually heard Sir William Crookes, brilliant chemist that he was, declare in 1898 that in about 1940 the world would be crying out for bread.

He founded his prophecy on the growing population of the world, and the demand by more and more races

for wheat. The world's wheatfields would not be able to supply the demand. He made, as a chemist, one stipulation about his prophecy's fulfilment. If some cheap form of fertiliser for the wheatfields could be found their supply might be doubled.

Nature, aided by her rebellious son the Inventor, at once set to work to prove Sir William wrong. Were fertilisers wanted? She offered the inventor an unlimited supply of nitrogen in the air, out of which he could manufacture fertilisers in the form of nitrates for the crops.

Farmers Burn Their Wheat

He did so, and then other inventors (the plant breeders) took a hand. Nature supplied them with all kinds of wheats to work on, and they bred from them wheats which would flourish and increase in Arctic Circle lands where wheat had never grown before. The net consequence is that the end of the wheat supply is so far from being in sight that a year or so ago Canadian farmers were burning stocks because nobody wanted them.

Coal is minted sunlight, wheat is the staff of life, and here they are still with us. It is not so very long ago that Nature revealed another kind of fuel to set beside coal—Oil, and many books have been written on what is to happen when the supplies of oil in the world come to an end. We have been told that an age of alcohol is coming; alcohol distilled from rubbish, from grass, from all kinds of wood pulp, and so on, will be burned in alcohol engines to provide a substitute for petrol and fuel oil.

Oil From Coal

But all along there have been experiments in progress to convert the low grade coals of the world into usable oil. One special difference between an oil too crude to use in an engine and one that can be used lies in the amount of hydrogen in the oil molecule, and for a quarter of a century famous oil chemists have been engaged in finding means of "hydrogenating" crude oils.

So successful has this work been during the past two or three years that the outlook on oil has undergone a complete change, and now comes the simple statement in an authoritative scientific journal that there is enough coal of all kinds, good and poor quality, in the world to supply oil for 24,000 years!

The harvest shall not fail.

A Temple in Shanghai



A Japanese sentry and a Chinese sheltering in a doorway near Shanghai's beautiful Lunghua Tower Temple, which has happily survived the invader's bombs

AT LAST THE PLANETARIUM? One More Dream May Come True

To the skyline of South Kensington's array of towers and turrets and domes which we pictured a few weeks ago an addition appears to be on the way, the dome of a planetarium erected on the top floor of the new building of the Science Museum, the opposite and nearest neighbour of the stone crown of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

The crown of the Victoria and Albert Museum, beautiful in itself, is an empty shell. The dome of the planetarium will be filled with the story of the skies. It will be a scientific skyscraper.

In season and out of season the C N has pleaded for a planetarium, where, on a hollow dome within, sun and moon, planets and stars, can be made to repeat at will the story of their celestial lives. So often has the planetarium been described in the C N that it is not

necessary to say more of it than that by the aid of a kind of magnified magic lantern, fitted with many tiers of lenses, and revolving like the big telescope of an observatory, images of the stars, planets, and other heavenly bodies appear on the dark bowl of the dome above. They can be made to move in any order, at any speed, and so to reproduce in minutes or hours the actual movements of these bodies over days or years or centuries.

Those who have seen this magic lantern show of nights and days declare that there is nothing more entrancing or educational, and of the popularity of the spectacle there is no doubt. The number of planetariums abroad is witness to it. Germany has a dozen, France and the United States several.

Continued on page 2

OPALS IN THE LAND OF OPHIR

Forest Miners 6000 Years Ago

Instead of something new always coming out of Africa, as the ancients used to say, there is now a continual stream of things that are old.

Latest among them are the remains of Stone Age men who lived and mined in the Njori Forest of East Africa 6000 years ago. History was being made then, for the first Egyptian kings lived dangerously in the land of the Nile, and there were traders from Mesopotamia in the Red Sea. But tradition has nothing to report of these forest dwellers, who seem to have mined for opals, and exchanged them for the polished ornaments of rock crystal or green quartz or greener jade the traders brought to their country.

They had perished from memory, and might never have come back to it if Dr and Mrs Leakey, the archaeologists, had not discovered one of their burial places in a forest cave.

The Opal men made of the cave a mausoleum which was a crematorium and a cemetery at the same time. The dead were brought here, their bodies burnt to ashes, and laid in shallow holes on the floor of the shelter. Many years, perhaps for many generations, the cave served for this purpose, and how many ancient men lay there none can say, but the remains of at least 60 bodies have been found.

Near and about the cave fragments telling all that is to be known of these people were found. Even baskets and ropework and a carved wooden bowl remain. But most significant are 500 beads of semi-precious stone, and 1000 bone ones. The beads are of skilful workmanship, and suggest that the way of the trader was then, as it has been nearly ever since, to exchange for the treasures of the primitive African natives the more modern manufactured article.

A Remarkable Example of Generosity

Opinions may differ on the rights and wrongs of the civil war in Spain, but there can be no difference about the chivalry of British miners in coming to the aid of Spanish miners who have suffered.

The Mineworkers Federation are raising £80,000 by special levy to supply Spanish civilians with food and coal, each miner contributing 2s 6d of his pay.

Three mining districts (Yorkshire, Durham, and South Wales) make themselves responsible for £50,000 of the sum. Considering the condition of South Wales it is surely a very remarkable example of generosity.

South Africa Triumphant

All the Empire has rejoiced over the triumph of the Government of the Union of South Africa, which is now back in power with a majority of 72 over all other parties combined.

The result is a tremendous vindication of the spirit of the British Commonwealth of Nations and a proof of the wisdom shown by the union of the parties led by General Smuts and General Hertzog three years ago.

How to Deal With Him

Most visitors notice the tidy streets of Cleethorpes, and no wonder, for they have a quick way of dealing with Public Enemy Number One, the Litter Lout.

The other day a constable saw a man screw a piece of paper into a ball and kick it on to the roadway. Later the man was fined ten shillings for throwing litter in the street.

An Old Cottage Loses Its Friend

The Nottinghamshire village of Calverton has lost its oldest inhabitant, Mr Robert Harrison, who died there not long ago at 93.

He had worked for a famous hosiery firm for 75 years, and in his cottage had some of the original stocking-frames invented by William Lee at Calverton. It was at this frame that Mr Harrison learned his trade, and there was a mark on the frame his father used to work which recalls the exciting days of the Luddite Riots, when a bomb was thrown through the cottage window, making a hole in the door and the ceiling and leaving this mark on the stocking-frame.

In those old days all the world was horror-stricken if a man threw a bomb; now they are dropped on cities full of people who have done no wrong.

The old lady who sends us this news tells us that when they were children in her home they used to put their legs through the back of a chair and play at the stocking-frames "and the noise they made was lovely to us. *Shee tebomity bom* they seemed to say." Now most of the frames are silent.

Young 95 and His CN

The Editor wishes to thank all those who have sent him congratulations on the Thousandth Number of the CN, and he is not able to resist the publication of this note from a village in Sussex.

Yesterday I called to congratulate Mr W. Upjohn, a Lancashire gentleman who is staying in the district, on his 95th birthday.

He must be the most well-preserved man for his age in the country. The room was strewn with letters and telegrams of congratulations and gifts, but under his arm he had tucked his CN, waiting for the opportunity to enjoy himself.

He told me he had always read it, and always waited for it before tackling the daily newspaper.

Mothers Who Had Never Seen the Sea

Mrs H. Webster, of Bolton-on-Deane, near Sheffield, celebrated her 70th birthday in a most unique way.

She went to see the sea for the first time, and thanks to Lady Davidson 150 other Sheffield mothers saw it also for the first time. They were all wives of unemployed men.

AT LAST THE PLANETARIUM?

Continued from page 1

The reason Great Britain has none is that the Government will not bear the expense of erecting one, which would be in the neighbourhood of £30,000, and no municipal body has ventured to step in where the Exchequer fears to tread. But now it is announced that some private person has volunteered to pay the cost.

We shall welcome it when we see it, and the popularity of the Science Museum, though sadly cramped for want of room, should warrant the building of the dome. The astronomical section of the Science Museum is its weakest. It has a historic collection of old instruments but few modern ones. Yet in years before the war the astronomical observatory, in which Sir Norman Lockyer and his son Dr William Lockyer worked, stood by the side of the Museum. It was dismantled and has never been replaced. Even a planetarium in its place would be a step in the right direction.

AN ITALIAN HERO CALLING

A Community of Faith

It will be a long time before those who heard him forget a speech made in the presence of many ambassadors a week or two ago by Signor Carlo Delacroix.

He is, of course, an Italian, and lost his eyes and his hands in the Great War, and he was speaking at a dinner given by the British Government to an international gathering of men who fought in the war. Signor Grandi was among those who heard this blind hero saying that to die for hate is infinitely more tragic than to die for love.

Never has the world been more divided in spirit and so united in destiny he said; progress, which had multiplied the means of offence, had increased the reason for unity, and no people could now hope to benefit from the ruin of others.

Then Signor Delacroix ended his eloquent speech with these words:

"Yesterday we saw a dangerous tension dissolved by a just agreement as soon as the English and Italian people looked each other in the face without any bias or any illusion.

"It is a good augury and it should be an example, for the old world with all its shadows remains the sun of history; if a new war were to mark the setting of that sun there is no reason to suppose that any light would ever come from outside Europe.

"For many of us a community of sacrifice has become a community of faith. Our common feeling was born in the depths of grief, and it should not be impossible for the peoples to come together again when confronted by danger. I do not know if what we have suffered will spare our sons similar sufferings, but we must hope that the thoughts which have come to us in the silence and have lifted us up in the darkness may unite our peoples in justice and in peace.

"With this thought and in the name of the generation which went through the fire, I drink to the glory of the King of England, the prosperity of his peoples, and the good fortune of the world."

A Bridge That Will Lead To Happiness

An order for 1500 tons of special high-tensile steel links and pins for the reconstruction of the Menai Straits suspension bridge has been given to Spencer's Steelworks, Newburn-on-Tyne.

The reconstruction, at a cost of nearly £250,000, is to be undertaken by Dorman Long of Middlesbrough, and the order will give work to many men for 18 months. The firm was the first to receive a grant from the Nuffield Trust, and the links and pins will be manufactured on plant laid down by the Trust.

The Child Not Lost

There comes from Melbourne a moving story of a lost child which reveals the existence of a prodigy of perfection.

It seems that 200 children became separated from their parents at an air pageant, and the "perfect child" was one of them. He was only five, but he was able to tell the police his name, his home address, his telephone number, the make and number of his father's car, where he was lost, and where his parents would probably be. In short, he was not lost at all.

The Brotherhood

It is a comforting thought that there is a brotherhood of men and women who love books, and that brotherhood knows no borders of class. Anyone can belong to it, and it is recruited from all ranks; it is a spiritual republic. Earl Baldwin

LITTLE NEWS REEL

Mr Thomas Wolfenden, of Burnley, has just celebrated two things: his 77th birthday and his 70 years unbroken attendance as a scholar and teacher of Mount Pleasant Methodist Church, Bacup.

Four Northumberland men have gone to the Farne Islands for four months to guard the rare birds and their eggs.

A firm of Manchester Collieries is to send 300 of its young workers in the Leigh and Worsley area to school one day a week, with wages.

The stamps on letters arriving here from Canada have of late been cancelled with the words, "Observe Sunday."

The CN book for this week has been awarded to a French reader, L. Jointeau, for his letter asking for Misunderstood by Florence Montgomery.

Manchester is to be inscribed in the Golden Book of the Jewish National Fund in Jerusalem, and a "City of Manchester grove of trees" is to be planted on the hills of Nazareth.

In France all Customs notices appearing normally in other languages than French will in future be also in Esperanto.

Twelve sailing ships are now at sea bringing grain from Australia; they have about 43,000 tons of wheat valued at £350,000.

In the first quarter of this year over 200 tons of letters were carried in the Empire flying-boats to and from Southampton.

The aircraft of Imperial Airways and its associated companies cover nearly 28,000 miles a day.

A factory is to be built in Argyllshire where oil will be extracted from sharks and will be placed in tins for sale.

Films For the Navy

The Admiralty, intent on filling our Jack Tars with happiness and contentment, is making the provision of sound reproduction apparatus, which means film projectors, broadcast receivers, and radio-gramophones universal in the Navy.

The equipment is primarily for service purpose, and crews are to pay half the cost of maintenance if the equipment is used for entertainment, a contribution of a farthing a week being required from all-officers and men. Every ship using the kinema for pleasure will have to join the Royal Naval Film Corporation.

THINGS SEEN

A tit-lark's nest in the hole at the top of a ball of twine, at Helmsley.

A cat walking out none the worse for being nailed down under the floor boards for three days.

A golden crown with diamonds and rubies once belonging to Haile Selassie in a jeweller's window at Harrogate.

THINGS SAID

Make the sky your trade route.

New flying motto

Large numbers of bar workers have an average working week of 70 and even 90 hours. Transport Union official

Democracies have no need to give way in Europe, as their strength is infinitely greater than that of their opponents. M. Paul Reynaud

Britain is becoming the travel centre of the world. A Travel Agent

More peace-seeking nations will have to act as special constables in the threatened beats of Europe.

Mr Winston Churchill

No more delightful way of spending money can be thought of than in the endowment of a library. Earl Baldwin

If you drive, don't drink; if you drink, don't drive. American slogan

June 4, 1938

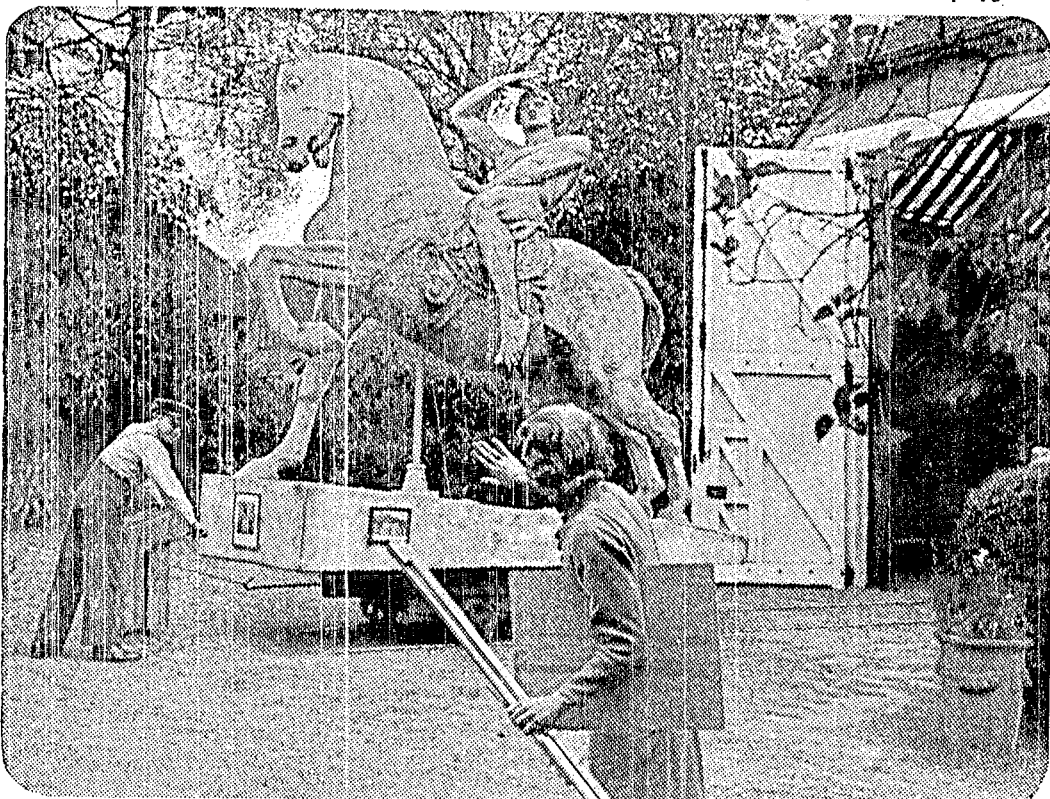
The Children's Newspaper

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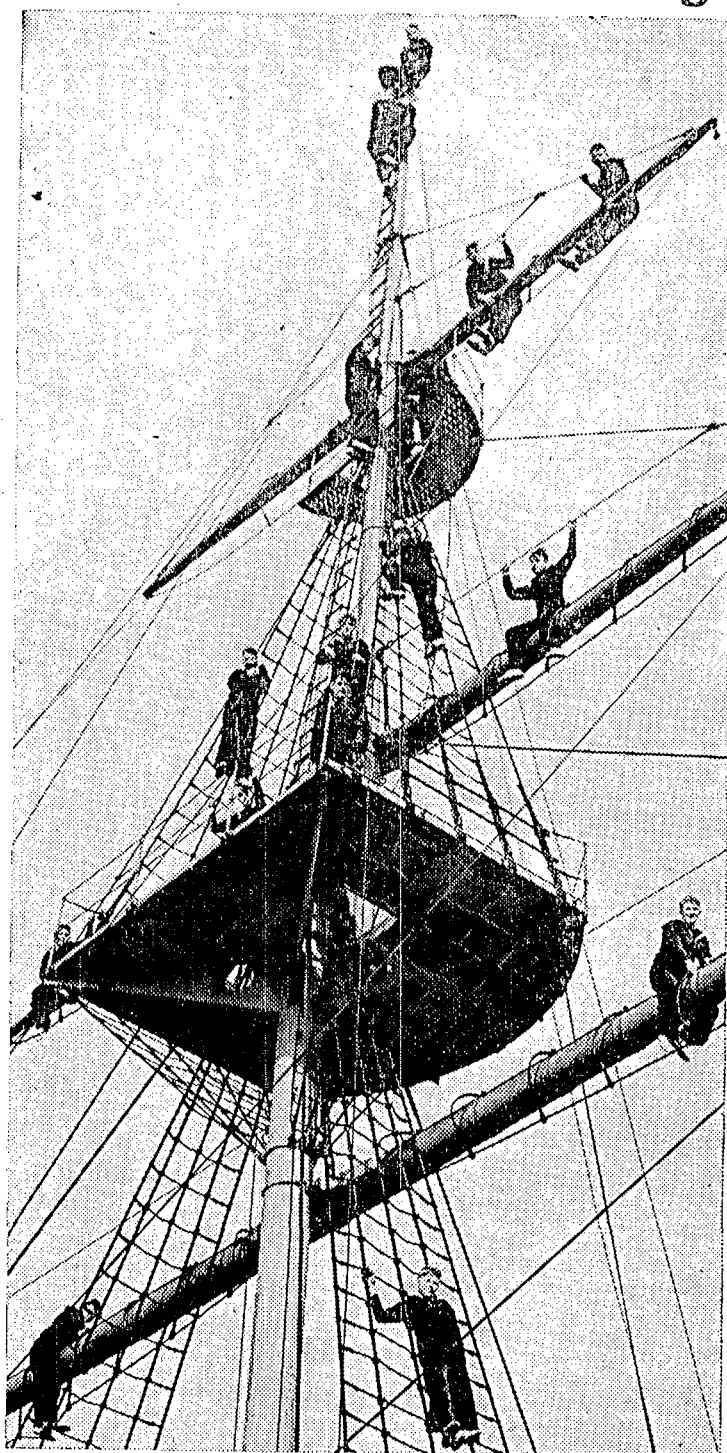
Village in Miniature • Physical Energy • Sailors in Training



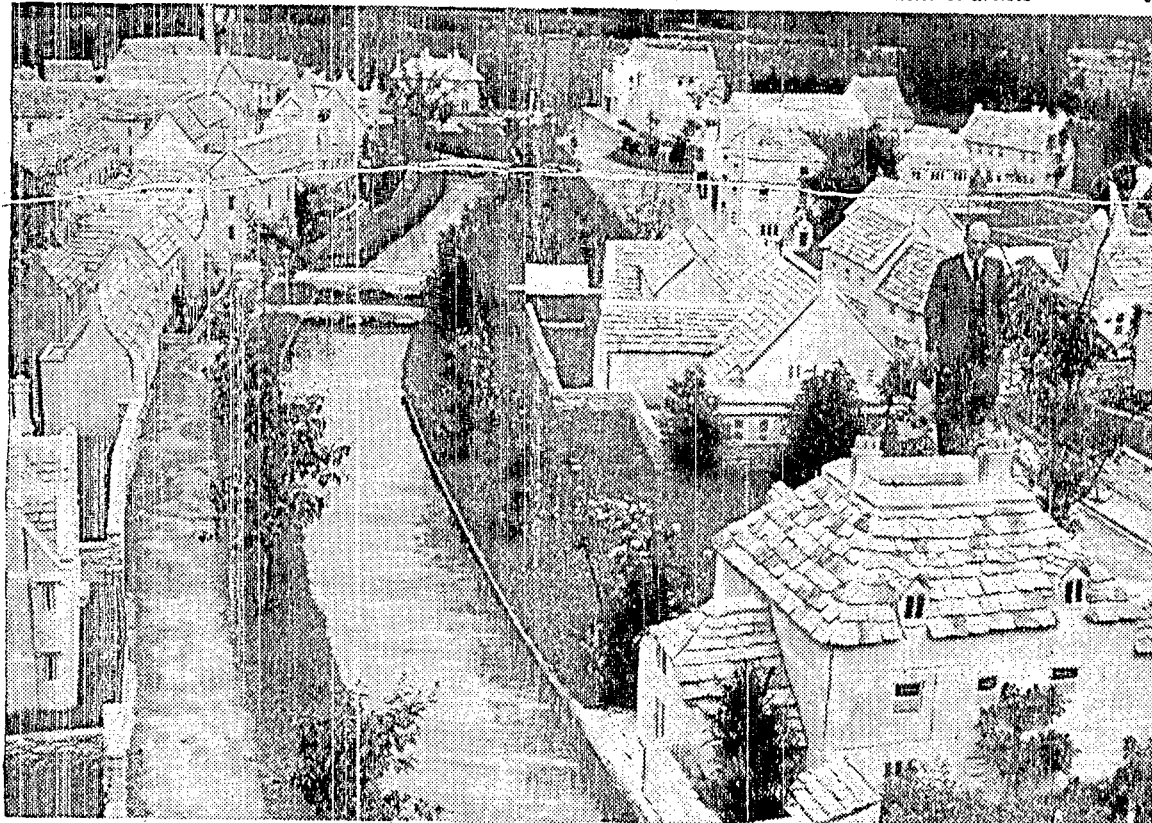
The Drummers—Members of a percussion band at Walsworth School, Hitchin, at practice in the playground



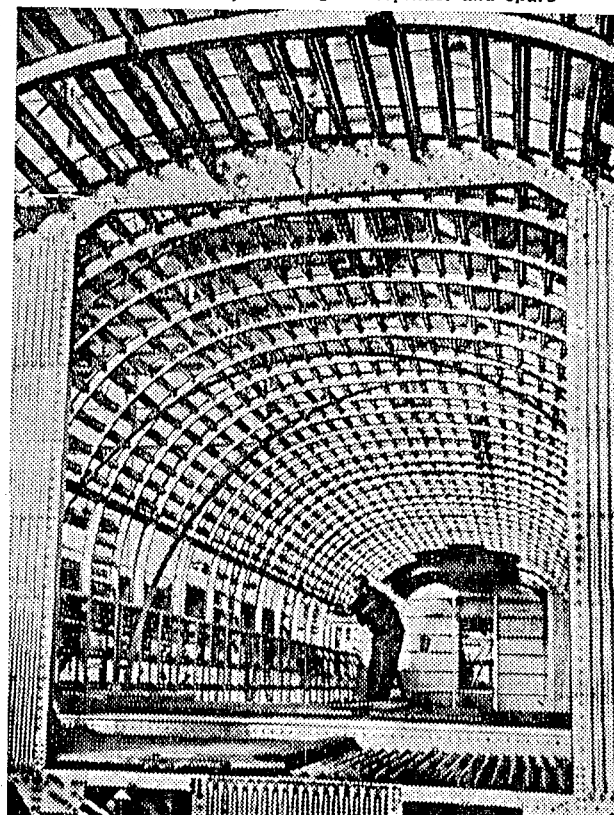
Physical Energy—The original of the famous statue of Physical Energy by G. F. Watts is kept in the village of Compton near Guildford, and it is sometimes brought into the open on rails for the benefit of artists



Sailors in Training—Young sailors of H M S Wildfire, the Navy training ship off Sheerness, manning the topmast and spars



Village Within a Village—At Bourton-on-the-Water in the Cotswolds is to be seen this reproduction in miniature of the actual village, which has been made by a local resident, Mr C. A. Morris



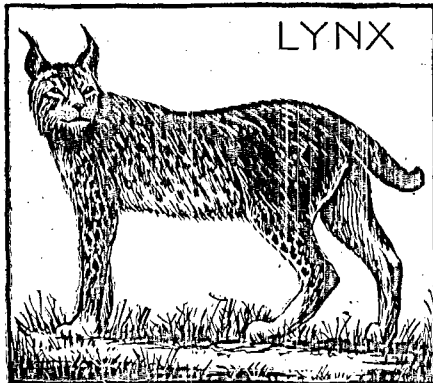
A German Giant—The huge size of some modern planes is emphasised by this picture of a Junkers plane under construction

BEFORE THIS LAND WAS OURS

Descendants of Its Earliest Owners

The Zoo is glad to feel that there is every prospect of one of two lynx babies being reared by parents who have allowed other little ones to die of neglect.

If these little creatures could speak they might surprise most of us by remarking that this land was theirs before it was ours! The lynx was a native of Britain long before a human being had been seen here. It was here with the reindeer and the woolly



rhinoceros, the lion, the leopard, and the hyena. It outlived our lions and elephants, and the nature of the finds in which its remains occur suggest that it competed for possession with the early Britons almost down to the time when people in Greece began to hear about these islands and to write about them.

Descendants of lynxes like ours still survive in Germany, but they are most plentiful in temperate Asia, where the climate must resemble that which our lynxes long knew in prehistoric Britain.

A Wonder Canal Across Europe

While so many talk of making more arms a Frenchman, the Comte de Bresson, makes a plan "for the peaceful reconstruction of Europe" by waterway.

His conception is to form a canal right across Europe from the Atlantic to the Black Sea. It would begin in France at the mouth of the River Loire, and by linking up the existing great waterways traverse Germany, Austria, Hungary, Yugo-Slavia, and so to Constantza on the Black Sea.

Comte de Bresson says that his plan would solve the Eastern question. Constructed in the dimensions corresponding to the necessities of up-to-date water-transport, it would become the certain condition of a lasting period of real peace between the European States.

Peace can come to Europe, he argues, by the economic reorganisation of the Continent, and such economic reorganisation is impossible without the construction of an inland waterway, as such a canal alone can make possible the lowest cost price of transport.

A Tree Comes Down

For years visitors to the little Yorkshire village of Lockton have looked up in wonder at a tree growing on the old church tower. Its roots struck deep, and though there seemed nothing on which it could feed, except a few crumbling stones, it seemed to thrive, lifting up its branches to the sunshine and crowning the church with living glory.

Its lofty days are ended now, for the tree has fallen from its high estate. Workmen are repairing the church after it has long been neglected, and the ash, thought to have been growing above the roofs of Lockton for 100 years, has had to come down. So dear is it to the villagers that an attempt to coax it to grow in the churchyard is being made.

A Righteous Man Considereth His Beast THE FARMER WHO DID NOT KNOW

BASINGSTOKE magistrates must have gasped the other day when, compelled to fine a farmer £5 for neglecting the Order to apply the simple remedy against the warble fly, the farmer told them that he had been a magistrate 15 years and had never heard of the Order.

Two years have passed since the Government decreed that, for their own sakes and that of their neighbours, farmers must treat their cattle for this dreaded enemy, which, causing damage to the extent of £500,000 a year in ruined leather alone, lowers the value of meat, ruins the milk yield, and involves the gravest suffering to the animals, as well as seriously reducing their value.

We are in some respects a slothful and careless people. The Board of Agriculture provides at ridiculously low cost a magnificent series of publications dealing with the ills to which farmers, nurserymen, smallholders, allotment men, and even private gardeners are exposed, yet tens of thousands of people

know nothing about them. They can all be got from the Stationery Office, in Kingsway.

For 1s 6d a farmer can get a book on animal pests, dealing with the causes and cures of the ailments of horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, and goats; there is a magnificent little brochure on insect pests of fruit trees, and another on insect pests of farm and garden crops. These books are written for the Government by the very highest authorities, and must have cost a fortune to produce. One of our readers who has read them all with wonder and profit supplied copies to an intelligent man of modest circumstances in the country. He mastered their contents, keeps the stock for which he is responsible in perfect health, and is regarded by his neighbours as a veritable wizard of knowledge.

Yet every man interested in livestock and crops of field, orchard, and garden may possess this knowledge for 3s 5d post free by writing to the Stationery Office.

The Pedal Transmitter

It is interesting to hear of a new invention in Australia which is expected to take the place of the pedal transmitters used by the people of the Never-Never Land. They are the new wireless telegraph and telephone transmitters.

This new transmitter has a range of 600 miles, the energy being produced by a petrol machine. It can be worked by anyone, and can be used as a telephone. Up till now the settlers on far-away stations have had to depend on their pedal transmitters for making contact with civilisation, and should the flying doctor be urgently needed this was their only chance of getting help.

The machine, which has an aerial attached to it, is worked by foot pedals like a bicycle, and has carphones. It works like this. A whirling noise is heard as the man works up the apparatus by pedalling hard, repeating as he does

so the name of his own station in what is called the "bush voice," a monotonous voice in one tone rising at the end of the sentence. Then a click is heard which means that someone, somewhere, has heard him; and he is able to ask them to send medical help. Or it may be that the most wonderful thing of all has come to a drought-parched outpost, rain, and the grazier will rush to his transmitter and tell everyone the glad news, so that other stations near (near may be 200 miles away) will know that relief is at hand and there is a chance that the rain will come in their direction.

So, in cases of urgent need or great rejoicing the pedal transmitter has played a gallant part in helping Australia's lonely land folk to keep in touch with one another. It was only the other day that a flying doctor was in the news, having been forced down far from any settlement; happily he was rescued.

The Wooden Aeroplane

IN order to stimulate the manufacture of R A F machines the Government is to add wooden aeroplanes to the all-metal ones.

But when aeroplanes of wood are mentioned the Government has in mind such wood as never young carpenter worked or dreamed of.

The greatest feat of its kind ever achieved by man was done on wood. For the record altitude flight last June Flight-Lieutenant Adam flew the biggest single-seater machine ever built, but, except for the engine and the tanks, there was not a particle of metal about it; it was all wood.

Having learned so much of the lightness of the metal alloys now manufactured, it might be thought that a machine made with the thinnest of these

would have won approval, but tests prove that there is nothing else so light as wood.

So of wood the record-maker was built, the wings and other members consisting of timber spars with plywood webs and mahogany flanges, the whole being covered with plywood sheeting known as teago, which at its thinnest was only four-fifths of a millimetre thick—and it takes 25 millimetres to make an inch.

This all-wood aeroplane carried a load of 5200 pounds on the occasion of its great flight and, with an Italian record of just above 51,000 feet to beat, it soared up over ten miles into the sky, giving us the record with 53,937 feet, the greatest triumph of wooden wings or any other.

The Immense Change Coming Over Canada

As Canada measures some 3,729,665 square miles and has a population of only eleven millions, it seems difficult to believe that her output has ceased to be mainly agricultural. Taking the latest returns (1934) of each £100 of Canadian output, only £28 is of farm produce!

The Dominion has great mineral resources and plenty of water-power. She is the world's third biggest producer of gold, copper, silver, and zinc. As for that invaluable metal nickel, she produces four-fifths of the world's supply. Also she is the greatest producer

of asbestos. Her timber resources make her a splendid source of wood-pulp and paper.

Canada has developed a great machinery industry, and her agricultural machines are known everywhere. She has built up a considerable export trade in motor-cars. We even find her exporting garments to England. For these and other reasons manufactures account for over £39 in each £100 of Canadian output, and as a consequence the population, like that of the Motherland and other industrial countries, tends to drift to the towns.

Cheshire's Welcome to Its King's England Volume

An enthusiastic welcome has been given to the book of Cheshire, one of the latest volumes in the King's England series, in which the Editor is surveying the towns and villages of England. We give below a few opinions of this volume, published by Hodder and Stoughton.

We who live in Cheshire perhaps do not realise how full of interest it is; what scenes of splendour has that quaint old church with the twisted steeple witnessed; what tales of adventure would that ruined castle tell if it could only speak. Arthur Mee has made it his business to record it all.

Chester Chronicle

Many writers have given us books relating to old and new Cheshire, but Arthur Mee has produced something quite different. The book is written in a most intimate style, and one is taken in a rapid survey of the county as one turns the page; but with the quickness of the survey the outstanding items of interest in town and village are not lost. It is a book for the visitor, and the book for the student of Cheshire's history. Chester Guardian

... takes the reader on a voyage of discovery through well-known modern towns and little cobbled streets where the bustle of traffic is unknown, through tiny villages with countless historical connections, and over churches and castles built centuries ago.

Manchester Evening News

A veritable treasure for those who love the romance and history of Cheshire. Should be read by everyone who takes pride in this delightful county.

Macclesfield Courier

No county enters this series with so distinct a character as Cheshire. The frontispiece alone takes away the breath: Moreton Old Hall, reflected in crystal waters. This book carries the reader alphabetically from village to village amid "magpie houses" and "weeping chancels," from the medieval treasures of Chester Cathedral to the wonders of Port Sunlight.

What memories arise of Cheshire men! At Daresbury Lewis Carroll was born, and the Cheshire Cat appears in a church window in his honour. At Acton lies Albert Hornby, the cricketer, under a marble wicket. From Burton came the Congreves, father and son, both holders of the V.C. From Farndon came "England's first historian," Speed. Knutsford lives as Mrs. Gaskell's Cranford, with its narrow streets and old houses and an assured place in literature. Mobberley has a beautiful window to George Mallory, who "in the flower of his perfect manhood was lost to human sight between earth and heaven on the topmost peak of Everest."

Under Saughton comes a noble tribute to the late Countess Grosvenor, whose life reads like a chapter from the epic of King Arthur. At Swettenham is kept the watch which Lord William Russell delivered up on the scaffold with the epigram: "I am done with Time and must think of eternity."

The index is stuffed with old brasses and church glass and with the record of famous yews and oaks. Of every town or village in Cheshire there is a fact or a tradition, some high memory or heirloom, preserved. The salvage of the ages has been made with a quick eye and a ready pen. Shane Leslie in the Sunday Times

Pronunciations in This Paper

Centaurus	Sen-taw-rus
Gemini	Jem-e-ny
Nicosia	Nee-ko-zee-ah
Para	Pah-rah
Roraima	Ro-rah-e-mah
Tamaulipas	Tah-mah-oo-lee-pas
Thebes	Theebz

YOUNG MONKEYS

Young monkeys have been up to all sorts of tricks at Halifax, in Nova Scotia. They were fresh from the jungles of India, and were tired of being imprisoned in a cage. There were 25 of them, and soon after they were landed on the waterfront they managed to escape.

They raced up the rigging of ships. They scrambled to the roofs of grain elevators. They swung from the branches of trees in the park. They peered in at windows, popped in at doors, and made themselves quite at home in a hotel. Stevedores, police, boys, anyone who had time to spare, went hunting monkeys.

COAL

Speaking at a luncheon of the Coal Industry Society, Sir Harold Hartley gave some interesting facts and figures.

It seems that 30,000 million tons, roughly a quarter of our reserves, have been mapped, so that we know where to find them, and the kind of coal which lies there.

Last year 105 million tons of coal were freed from impurity by washing or dry-cleaning. The application of more scientific methods to the coal industry in the last 25 years has resulted in more energy being obtained from coal.

OAKS FOR TOMORROW

Everyone recalls how old Admiral Collingwood planted acorns so that there might be sufficient oaks in years to come for Old England to go on building her wooden walls.

The admiral had no idea that long before his acorns were fine trees our navy would be built of steel; but it seems that today we might well plant acorns.

Repeated representations have been made to the Forestry Commission to include in their planting schemes a larger proportion of English oak. These representations are made on behalf of craftsmen who are realising more and more that one day there is likely to be a great scarcity of this hard timber. Even now the shortage is being felt, and many craftsmen in wood have much difficulty in finding first-class English oak.

CHICAGO DOES SOMETHING NEW

We are told that when Chicago had to close its schools because of an outbreak of infantile paralysis not long ago 300,000 pupils were instructed regularly by wireless.

Six stations, along with all the newspapers of the city, gave lessons beginning at 7.15. Starting with physical training, the pupils looked up the programme of the day's work in the newspapers, and homework was also dictated to them.



"Where are these Australians?"

The Scene in Sydney Harbour

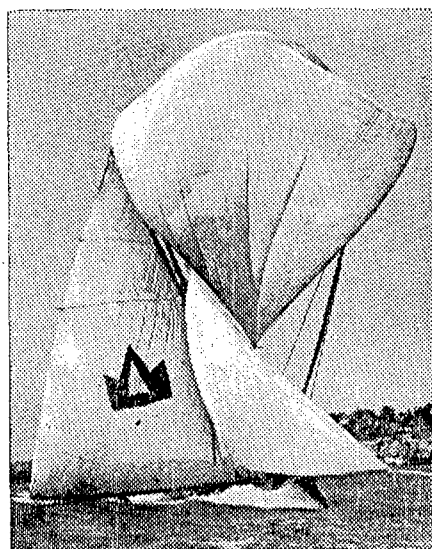
EVERY yachtsman has heard of Sydney's 18-foot sailing boats, and it is interesting to know that a new type of this racing craft may be introduced in the harbour next season.

The present boats are unique because they carry a sail area bigger than any other craft of a similar size. With a beam of from seven to eight feet they carry about 1200 square feet of sail!

These boats are manned by a crew of twelve (usually each owning a share in her), under a captain in supreme control, assisted by a fore hand in charge of the forward sheets, spinnaker, jib, and so on. His is the all-important position in racing. As these boats carry so much sail the rest of the crew

must of necessity act as live ballast to keep the boat afloat, not only in tacking but in running before the wind. Ten men of an average weight of from 10 to 12 stones give a good counter weight to the strength of the wind, but in spite of that there are many capsize in squalls, and often the harbour is dotted with overturned craft, the crew sitting in the sails till they are rescued.

It is wonderful to see these small craft with their enormous sails swooping across the harbour in a strong breeze with ten men hanging over the side; and it is thrilling, when the breathless moment comes to gybe, to see the boom swishing across the boat and the rush of the crew to the windward side.



An 18-footer with great spread of sail speeding along in Sydney Harbour

WASTE NOT

Nothing is wasted in the Germany of today; the latest idea is to collect all old films and extract the silver in them. It is said that from every mile of film 35 lbs of silver can be taken.

Recently a German officer is reported to have said that sharks no longer follow German ships, as they have discovered that no waste is dumped overboard, the ships taking home with them all their empty tins and bottles, razor blades, silver paper, and scrap iron from the engines.

THERE AND BACK

A Yorkshireman has been telling a story against himself.

During a South American cruise he went ashore one day at Rio de Janeiro, where he saw some fine orchids. They were white, and as white orchids are extremely rare in Brazil he bought one for five pounds and brought it to England. As soon as he reached Rawdon, now famous for its orchids, he sent the plant to the nurseries for identification. The experts looked at it suspiciously. "Where do you say you bought it?" they asked.

"Rio de Janeiro," the collector replied.

"Well," said the experts, "this is one of a consignment of orchids we sent out from Rawdon to Para. We sold them for five shillings each."

THE SEAGULL'S FLIGHT

A seagull ringed in East Prussia has been captured in the Belgian Congo. In 70 days it had made a journey of 3850 miles, averaging 55 miles a day. Its route was probably across Europe and the Mediterranean, up the Nile, and then westward along the great river system of the Congo.

THE LITTER LOUT AND CAPTAIN COOK

High on Easby Moor in Yorkshire stands Captain Cook's monument.

Like a sentry keeping watch over the village where years of his boyhood were spent, the monument is Yorkshire's tribute to one of the greatest of its sons.

Now we hear sad news of it. It seems that the vandals in our midst will even climb the heights to destroy what ought to stand unharmed. Nine of the railings have been torn from their base stones, a piece of the monument has been chipped away, and hooligans have dared to carve their names in this exalted place.

THE ELEPHANT ON THE LINE

Although over 1500 elephants have been destroyed by the Uganda Government the animals are still a danger to human life.

Engine-drivers are continually meeting them, while on a Kampala train the other day an elephant was seen running on the track ahead of the engine. The whistle was sounded, and the elephant swung from the track. As the engine passed the animal screamed and made a lunge at the fireman.

TURNING THE TABLES

Every schoolboy knows what to expect at term-end. There will be a report, the teachers expressing their opinion of him with sometimes embarrassing frankness.

Now we hear that Dr Roy Bryan, a professor at the New York Teachers' College, has been allowed to give scholars an opportunity of doing for their teachers what their teachers have long done for them. They have been asked to make reports on the staff of a Brooklyn junior high school, and 900 boys and girls have had the joy of saying just what they think about those in authority over them.

It seems a very dangerous experiment, but Dr Bryan declares that on the whole the pupils are remarkably accurate in their judgments.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

Years have passed since the use of music to stimulate work was reported from abroad.

A notable case was the cigar-makers of Cuba, who were found to do more and better work when cheered by songs sung to a guitar.

It is not to be supposed that music can be effective in every case; in some, we imagine, its effect would be distracting, but we have it reported from Scotland that military band music has a tremendous effect on work in a laundry, and from England that jazz is much appreciated by the workers of a firm of pea-packers.

We do not know how music could be applied in some cases. What of the terrible rattle of a calico-shed? Or the acute hammering noise in file-making?

THE NEW ISTANBUL

Istanbul, the ancient and historic city of Constantinople, is to be made new.

For five years work is to go on in accordance with plans drawn up by a French architect, and when the great work of reshaping the city is complete its most notable buildings will stand out boldly in all their splendour. The famous San Sophia (now a museum) and the Blue Mosque are to be shorn of the buildings crowding round so that they may be seen to greater advantage.

CAN THE BLACKFELLOWS SETTLE DOWN?

The Queensland Government is trying the experiment of inducing the Blackfellows to abandon their nomadic lives and live in villages.

It has been found almost impossible to get the older people to change their lives, as our readers know well from Mrs Daisy Bates, and the hope of the future lies with the children who are now being trained in mission schools to be self-supporting and useful citizens.

A great help in solving this important problem is the recent setting up of a chain of wireless stations, the main one being on Thursday Island, and they are now agitating for a seaplane which could be used for ambulance work and could be stationed on the Island.

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

There is an old lady who has been bedridden for years.

She lies in a little back room, and from her window sees nothing but dull houses. Few people ever visit her, and her life has much loneliness and little thrill in it.

The other day a visitor found her radiant. "Listen," she said, and the visitor stood listening. From somewhere near came a rich, sweet voice, and after one or two songs we heard the old hymn Count your blessings.

The old lady smiled. An old man and his granddaughter had come to live next door, she said, the girl about seventeen, with a lovely voice. Every morning she opened the scullery window and sang while she was washing up and doing the vegetables, and to the bedridden old lady it was better than a concert at the Albert Hall.

THE CROPS

The proverb that "ill news travels fast" is illustrated by the reports of the European drought.

Too quickly we were told that crops were ruined. The truth seems to be that, while damage has been done, it is by no means disastrous. Germany has done pretty well, and Italy reports that she will not have need for great food imports. This is excellent news for everybody, but we fear it will prove to be a bad year for English fruit.

THE BIBLE IN GERMANY

Statistics of the book-selling trade in Germany reveal the remarkable fact that the book with the biggest sale in Germany last year was the Bible.

The three big concerns distributing Bibles sold over a million copies, 165,000 more than in 1936.

SOMETHING DONE FOR THE DISTRESSED AREAS

It is good to learn from the Commissioner for the Distressed Areas that over 200 firms have decided to set up works in these areas.

The trades cover an extraordinary wide range of activities: light engineering, food, clothing, furniture, furnishings, house fittings, packing materials, pottery, and leather goods. In Durham the Government has set up the Team Valley Trading Estate with a view to attracting new industries.

All this is good, but there remains a great deal to be done. On the banks of the Tyne armaments orders are helping to provide employment, but even when they are allowed for there is an unemployed pool of 96,000 people still seeking work.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY

Mrs Clark of Hull was so thrilled at being 101 the other day that she could not wait to receive congratulations. She was up at seven in the morning, and a few minutes later was round at her daughter's house.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 4

1938

People Who Will Die This Year

It has long been one of the ideas of the C.N. to declare that there are no accidents, and we are moved to say it again.

What we call accidents have become so certain now that we are able to prophesy that by the end of 1938 this country will have lost about 18,000 people *who might have been saved*.

The roads will account for about 6500 lives this year. Aviation will kill about 200 people, mostly in the defence forces. Mines and quarries will kill about 1000. The railways will kill hundreds, not of passengers in trains, but of railway servants and people careless in crossing lines. Industrial operations as a whole, apart from mines, will kill some 3000 in factories, workshops, railways, and ships.

Also, to judge from past records, the number of children who will die from accidents in their own homes this year will be about 2000, of whom hundreds will be accounted for by being burnt or scalded. Some will die through playing with celluloid toys, and some little babies through playing with celluloid rattles. The deaths of adults will be counted in thousands from all sorts of domestic accidents, including gas explosions, fires, and electric shocks.

So we get a total of about 18,000 lives lost in a year from accidents mostly preventable. It seems terrible to have to say that *they will not be prevented*.

Danger to life increases with the use of scientific appliances and their use by many who do not understand their construction. As the use of gas and electricity spreads accidents multiply because they are used by people who have no idea of their danger. Gas fittings should be periodically inspected. In many little rooms is a gas-ring joined to the main connection with a flexible tube; if the tube becomes frayed or damaged a life may be lost. Geysers demand special attention. The garage is apt to be a trap; the door is shut, the engine runs, carbon monoxide accumulates, and somebody faints, never to recover consciousness.

For no small part of this accident death-roll Parliament must be blamed. The law should express more concern for the sanctity of life. We see by the indifference of Parliament to the lives of little children victims of celluloid how difficult it is to get anything done.

We began by saying that 18,000 people will lose their lives in this country this year. Let us end by saying that they will not be lost by accident, but by neglect.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



That Vagabond

THE Wesley celebrations have revived an old memory in York.

It appears that a rector of St Saviour's had little love for the evangelist, and on hearing that Wesley was to visit the city warned his congregation against "that vagabond Wesley."

Not long afterwards the rector noticed a clergyman in his congregation and sent his clerk to invite him to preach. The invitation was accepted, and after the service the clergyman slipped away without revealing his name. "Who was he?" the rector inquired.

"Sir," replied the clerk, "he was that vagabond Wesley, against whom you spoke."

"We have been trapped," said the rector; "but it was a good sermon."

Selfish People

WE do not agree with Mr Justice Bennett, who has been moved to say in court that owners of motor-cars are the most selfish individuals who ever walked.

This is both true and untrue. It is not true that there exists a special breed of selfish people all of whom can afford to buy and run a car. What is true is that selfishness is not uncommon, and that the ownership of a car reveals a selfish nature as few other things do.

If we observe pedestrians we may often find them selfish in using the roads as if there were no other people on them. Put the same people on bicycles and they become a nuisance and a danger. Put them in cars and they become a terrible danger.

It appears that wheels reveal the nature of a person who revolves them.

The Extra

The State stands frankly for the Average, the Christian stands for the Extra—he cannot be content with the status quo.

Gerald K. Hibbert

Under the Editor's Table

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If we keep the notion we run away with

SOME people look at pictures with eyes half-shut. Some pictures are better looked at with the eyes quite shut.

A MAN says he is a cyclist of many years' standing. Why didn't he get on?

A COUNTRYMAN says when he goes to London he always takes the train. Why not let it take him?

WOMEN laundresses have a club of their own. And rub along together very well.

A DIFFICULT thing done well looks easy. But a piece of sculpture always looks hard.

Different

It is said of the Rajahs of Sarawak (the Brooke family which has built up such a wonderful State in Borneo) that its success with the native people is due to the respect with which they have always treated their subjects.

It is the third Rajah Brooke who now reigns, and we understand that in his official Hints to Young Officers it is pointed out that the people of Sarawak are not *inferior* to Europeans, but *different*. What a world of wisdom lies in that saying!

Room to Deny Ourselves

WE are told of a schoolgirl who, coming home from hearing an address on dividing one's money in right proportions between entertainment and more serious things, demanded more pocket-money.

"You see, Daddy," she pointed out, "you pay for all my entertainments now, so that it's not self-denial if I don't go. If I had my own money for concerts and plays, then sometimes I need not go, and I should have the money to give to some good cause."

Fortunately for this growing sense of responsibility father saw the point and promised her the extra allowance with which to deny herself.

THE BROADCASTER

A TINY coral island in the Pacific has sent £1 for each family to the London Missionary Society.

A COUNTRY house in Essex with 8 acres has been given to a London home for working lads.

ABOUT £150,000 was raised for the BBC Week's Good Causes last year.

MR HARRY OAKES has given St George's Hospital £60,000.

JUST AN IDEA

Only the dullard or the fool believes a thing impossible because he cannot understand it. The fool has said in his heart that he will not believe what he cannot explain, but no man has explained the fool.

THE OLD MARE

By The Pilgrim

WE stood looking over the five-barred gate. "The horse has a field all to itself," we said.

"Aye," said the farmer, "so she has, and so she deserves to have. She's earned her reward, and she's enjoying it, the reward of long and faithful service. For twenty years she's worked on the farm, in all weathers, at every season. She's always been willing. She's never grudged an hour. She's strained every nerve when there was need for it. She's been patient and trustworthy and hard-working. And now she's blind."

"No use, and yet you keep her?"

"No use, but who would not keep her? Doesn't she need more care now than ever before? Doesn't she want to be with those who know her and understand her? Isn't it right that an old and faithful servant should be pensioned off, free to graze in the field she once ploughed, free to find her way back (she can do it still) to her own stall, sniffing carefully her own manger? This field is her own, and here she'll stay till her day is done. Come up, Bess, come up then! That's a beauty!"

He stroked her nose and she whinnied with delight. "You see," the old farmer went on, "when a tractor's done you scrap it, but a horse you honour to the end."

The New Dog

We read that more and more dogs are going by air between England and France.

OUR Scruffy was an Airedale. When first he came to stay, But he has changed completely Since he has been away.

He flew from London's airport Across the narrow sea, And then from France came home again To keep us company.

Superior to his station, Our Scruffy sniffs around As if too high his notions For a dog so near the ground.

Our Scruffy, we confess it, Is vain as vain can be: He was an Airedale once, but now An Airmail dog is he! H. L. G.

Something in the English

If you want to go into battle, have an Englishman at your right hand, and another at your left, and two immediately in front, and two close behind. There is something in the English which seems to guarantee security. Never forget that, even when you are most irritated by the antics of these engaging madmen. Voltaire

The Last Act

My soul, sit thou a patient looker-on; Judge not the play before the play is done: Her plot hath many changes; every day Speaks a new scene; the last act crowns the play. Francis Quarles

STORING FOOD IN GREAT BARNS

Why the Egyptians Did It

The storing of supplies of food and fuel oil in this country for emergencies gives a new interest to a discovery that the practice is as old as the very dawn of civilisation.

We owe thanks to Sir Flinders Petrie for the interesting discovery that a remarkable uniformity marks the distances between the ancient capitals of Egypt and Mesopotamia. Egypt was divided into 36 territorial divisions, each with a city matching our county towns; and each town was 20 miles distant from its neighbour city. In Mesopotamia the distance was about 21 miles.

Corn as Current Coin

These distances, Sir Flinders Petrie finds, were dictated by the fact that that was the limit possible for the central storage of corn. This cereal was then the main form of wealth, and subjects of the various rulers paid tribute in it. Corn was current coin in Egypt for thousands of years, down to the time of the coming of the Greeks under Alexander.

Egypt had no transport except asses and camels, so it was impossible to convey grain profitably for great distances. All corn that was not needed by the cultivators was taken to the capital town, and was distributed from there in lieu of money to state officials, the army, and other public servants.

Even with this provision, when one government territory was joined to others, the ruler's army and assemblage of officials grew so numerous that the ruler could not feed them without moving from one city to another, just as in our own land, from Saxon days to the end of the Norman line, our kings (in order not to starve out one area) moved their capital from London to Winchester, Gloucester, and other centres.

Corn continued to be food and currency until the Egyptians discovered the use of metals; then they were able to extend their operations, for copper could be conveniently carried much farther than huge consignments of wheat. Egypt made history with copper as currency, and still greater was her progress when gold and silver were minted as her money.

The Greeks and Gold

She taught the world to barter corn in place of gold, and to extend its commerce by the use of metals when these became generally available. The Greeks rose to power when they adopted gold; they became masters of the world after they had seized the 28 millions in gold that lay in the treasury of Persia.

We in this country, with our French possessions lost, shut up in our own little island, were an insignificant nation until we gained access to supplies of gold with which to pay for ships and finance merchants and explorers to open up the world to us.

Even with all the resources of the world in gold and silver available it was not enough, and international commerce relies no longer on sending gold across the seas, but on bills of exchange.

The Camera Train

Every week-end excursion trains leave New York crowded with enthusiastic people who all have one hobby in common, Photography.

The trains are called Camera trains, and every imaginable type of camera can be seen. One carriage is made into a dark-room, and on the way back ardent amateurs can develop and print their films. A prize is given for the best photograph obtained. At the various stopping-places out rush the passengers to see what they can snap.

We Owe 8000 Millions

WHO OWES IT & WHO LENT IT?

THE British National Debt continues to grow; it now amounts to a sum reminding us of figures used in astronomical distances. In 1938 it is £8026,127,000.

In 1914 it was 649 millions, and at the time we thought this figure a big one, as indeed it was.

What do we mean by the National Debt? Who owes the money, and who lent it?

1. The 8026 millions are owing by the nation, all of us.

2. The 8026 millions were lent to the nation by investors who sought a safe means of putting out their money to interest.

In short, our nation as a whole is in debt to a limited number of its citizens who lent their money to it for public purposes. These public purposes were war expenditures.

Interest on the debt is paid by the Treasury every year to the lenders; out of the money raised by taxing all our people, and each year part of the debt is repaid. Every person contributes something, large or small, according to his means, to meet these annual payments.

Schoolboys See Cyprus

By One of Them

IT was with something of the feeling of Columbus that a party of boys and masters from Bedford Modern School left Bedford on a venture which was to take them across Europe and the Mediterranean.

They were destined for that small British possession not far from Palestine, the island of Cyprus, their ultimate goal being an athletic contest with the natives of the schools of the island.

The route lay across France and Italy, and memories of the long train journey are numerous and vivid. Sights of stately Paris were followed by an exhausting night on the hard seats of a continental third-class carriage, and the exclamations at the impact of foot and face or head and elbow were numerous and vehement. Dawn brought a wonderful awakening, however, and in the full glory of a beautiful day we passed into Switzerland, a land of wooded chasms, wonderful green slopes, and mighty snow-capped mountains, with a gleaming background in the sunlight.

In similar beauty we entered Italy, a land of impressive buildings and many efficient officials, and before long we were enjoying our first voyage on the blue Mediterranean, having a taste of the infrequent but violent Mediterranean storm.

We so far recovered, however, as to be able to land at Larnaca, and to the tune of an outrageous motor-horn we jolted and rattled the 25 miles to the capital of the island, Nicosia. After the everlasting spaghetti and garlic of the Italian ship, words fail to express our appreciation of the English tea awaiting us at the English School.

Thus began a very enjoyable stay in Cyprus, offering opportunity not only for historical research but for a study

Well-to-do people pay sums in income tax or estate duties; poor people pay when they buy tea or sugar or tobacco or a seat at the cinema.

Thus there is a very considerable transfer every year, through the National Debt, of money from all the people to some of the people.

Fortunately, almost the whole debt is an internal matter; the amount held by foreigners is very small. If the debt were owing to persons abroad the nation as a whole would have to export to pay interest. Some nations are in this unhappy position, having to send goods out of the country to meet their debt obligations.

If ever we are again driven into war it will be the duty of the Government to pay lower rates of interest than were thought proper in the Great War, when we promised up to as much as five per cent (a shilling in the pound) to lenders. The probability is that the Government would be advised to take stern measures, by means of a forced loan at a low rate of interest, to see that no one gained unreasonably because the nation was compelled to spend enormously.

of the various ancient types of people, whose manners and life can have changed little since Bible days. The Turk with his mule or ox, ploughing his debt-ridden patch of land with the primitive instrument of centuries ago, became a familiar sight, and we were able to see other aspects of island life during one morning's session of the Nicosia Court of Justice.

Our first aim, however, was to win the athletic contest with the five other native schools of the island, and this we accomplished on one long hot afternoon. The Gunnis trophy was presented by the wife of the Governor, Lady Palmer, and with this and numerous other happy memories we prepared to leave this land of historical associations, brilliant sunshine, luscious oranges, and raucous motor-horns.

The return journey was uneventfully pleasant as far as Trieste, but here, during an uncomfortable and wearisome interlude, we became news. Our compulsory day-and-a-half sojourn on an unheated Italian ship, the air polluted with sickly oil-fumes, hardly increased our admiration for Dictators, and it was with real relief and satisfaction that we entered once again our own home of freedom after a trip of unforgettable experience, which may have done something to bind one very interesting part of the Empire closer to the Motherland.

For the Blind

Probably the only restaurant catering specially for the blind is one in Budapest.

It began with a small place where the owner developed the idea of printing his menu in Braille. Rather than have the whole menu read to them, blind customers prefer to read it for themselves, and this restaurant has become a regular meeting-place for the blind.

The Killer in a Mask

IF we read of The Killer in a Mask we may reasonably expect a thrilling story, but the title is really Lord Horder's nickname for rheumatism.

How seriously rheumatism menaces the good health and the happiness of millions is not generally realised; but the truth is that rheumatic disease is one of the chief causes of heart disease, and heart disease is responsible for one death in three.

It is because too much cannot be done to rid the country of this scourge

that an appeal is being made for the Grey Cross Campaign, a war on rheumatism. Nearly £20,000 has been raised, but £70,000 is wanted to provide two new wards in the Royal Bath Hospital at Harrogate, where everything possible is done for people suffering from this serious illness.

Lord Horder has declared that rheumatism costs the nation £20,000,000 a year, and that every year a million workers lose over five weeks work on account of it.

BROADCASTING HAPPINESS

Last Year With the Carnegie Trust

One of the most cheering books which reach the C.N. every year is the Report of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust.

Not only does it record the generous gifts made from the fund to various social services, but it throws a revealing light on the activities of many societies working for the happiness of young and old.

As the practice of the Trustees is to work with and through these voluntary societies, and with Government departments and local authorities, their grants are so arranged as not to cover services already adequately supplied, but rather to help new developments which would not otherwise make progress.

Helping the Libraries

They established libraries in towns, and now the bigger towns are responsible for their own libraries. Next they turned their attention to county libraries, and in course of time the county councils will make themselves entirely responsible for these. Last year the Carnegie Trustees paid about £6000 to the county libraries and £5000 in book grants to small towns; but to the National Central Libraries in London, Dublin, and Dunfermline, which have been established for the special help of students, their grant last year was over £7500. With a Treasury grant of £5000 the London Central Library has attained such international fame that the Rockefeller Foundation has given £4400 for the establishment of a Bureau of American Bibliography to help British scholars and librarians with information of American books. In this connection the Library of Congress at Washington is giving a set of catalogue cards worth £1500 to our National Central Library.

Land Settlement

Schoolboys in the Shetlands, the storm-swept islands nearly 100 miles north of Scotland, will have reason to bless the Trustees, for £25,000 has been voted toward a hostel for scholars at Lerwick. Without this grant the building would be impossible, for the Government cannot establish one, and Lerwick's penny rate yields only £200.

Land settlement is another thing in which the experiments made through Carnegie grants have led to State action, though the Report states that it is difficult to induce local authorities to use the powers they have. The Land Settlement Association was unable to use the £25,000 granted for full-time schemes like that at Potton, but £15,000 was spent on the provision of part-time holdings, which now employ 2300 men. The Cottage Homestead experiment in the Distressed Areas, in which the unemployed father cultivates the half-acre in which his cottage stands while his children go to work in a neighbouring town, is to be extended to other parts of the country.

Money Well Spent

The generous help given in previous years to village halls, playing-fields, women's institutes, and musical societies has been continued, and among the youth services clubs for boys and girls have received handsome contributions, the Young Farmers alone receiving £1200.

One of the most valuable of the smaller grants is to the Local History Fund which encourages county committees to obtain in each village a correspondent who will report interesting finds, local reminiscences, and so on, with a view to their being noted in the County Records Office.

Altogether the Trustees made grants of nearly £140,000 last year, and it may be truthfully said that every penny of it will produce results of permanent value to our people.

GOD WITH HIM

Swedenborg of Sweden

THE SUDDEN CHANGE IN A LIFE OF GENIUS

We noted some weeks ago that this was the 250th anniversary of the birth of Swedenborg. Here is the story of the life of this remarkable man whose followers are counted in thousands in many lands.

A SUNDAY'S child was Emanuel Swedenborg, and his father Jesper, the army chaplain, would say in his old age: "The name of my son means God with us, that he may always remember God's presence."

That was the prayer of the gentle household into which Emanuel Swedenborg was born; and though, through the greater part of his life, men looked to him for other than pious teachings, it was to God he turned at last. The world may forget his achievements in engineering and the natural sciences, but it preserves his spiritual teachings. Today in many countries there are Swedenborgian followers who have adopted his faith of good works; and nowhere are they stronger than in England.

In England he passed away in March 1772, and was buried in the Swedish Church, St George's-in-the-East, but his spiritual teachings lived on, and some twenty years after they were being carried from Lancashire through the Midlands by missionary believers. The doctrine of Swedenborg was a new branch of Nonconformity, and the first Church of the New Jerusalem was built at Birmingham.

He Followed the Light

The converts were good men and did good things. They fervently took up the cause of the abolition of slavery; they were pioneers of elementary education; there was a Swedenborgian doctor with the first batch of convicts sent to Botany Bay.

All this proceeded, and is proceeding still, from the teaching of the strange Swedish scholar and salvationist who gave up worldly things to follow the Light that seemed to call him.

It was no mean renunciation. For years this astonishing man had touched no branch of learning that he had not adorned. He travelled widely in England and in Europe; he published the most valuable reports on the methods of metal mining, in which Sweden then led the way. He was a notable chemist and geologist.

When, towards the end of the 19th century, his writings were collected and

examined it was seen that not only was he far ahead of his contemporaries in ideas, but he had anticipated many of the scientific theories that are now added to the common stock of knowledge. The geological sequence of fossils was clear to him; he had arrived at conclusions about the origin of the Solar System before the mathematician Laplace.

In Swedenborg's writings we can find a system of the formation of crystals; and ideas on atoms, molecules, and magnetism. Inventor as well as theorist, he had made a mercury air pump, and had even sketched a flying machine. In physiology he probed the wisdom of the heart, and suspected the working of the hidden glands of the body, which today are deemed so important.

Science and Spiritual Things

Suddenly in the midst of this strange life of genius all this was left behind. The scholar, the scientist, the man of affairs became an evangelist with what he believed to be a Heaven-inspired message. His own account of the change in himself (when he was 55) was that his searchings into the mysteries of science had led to the opening of his spiritual eyes. The revelation had not come to him in a night, but through many nights, when he had dreamed dreams and seen visions.

He believed, not that he had found religion but that God had found him, and had made him an apostle to teach the truth to mankind. He did not seek to create a new religion or doctrine, but to convince his fellow-men that all things created and uncreated flow from the love and wisdom of the Divine Mind.

Unhappily the wisdom preached by Swedenborg was mingled with his confident assertions that he had been taught it by visions vouchsafed to him by night and day. This was what many of his followers, both in his lifetime and afterwards, seized on as most important, led on by their own human weakness to seek the wonderful and the supernatural.

It was his followers, rather than Swedenborg himself, who pointed to these manifestations as proof of his communion with the unseen world. What is far more important is that he left behind him a message which has inspired good men for more than two centuries, the most important part of which is: *Love thy neighbour as thyself.*

A TOWN COMES TO THE COUNTRY

To live 80 years in a lonely cottage among fields and woods, and to wake up one morning and find a town about you must be as startling as anything which ever happened in a fairy tale.

This is what has happened to Mr John Ireland, who has lived long in a small white cottage at Speke, a few miles out of Liverpool, far from the madding crowd. The Speke Estate was taken over by the Liverpool Corporation, and Mr Ireland is now bewildered by what he sees. Roads are being cut through the fields, trees are coming down and houses going up, old farms and cottages are being cleared away, and only his own cottage remains, its 17th century walls the oldest things in this new world. Already the first inhabitants of the new Speke have settled in, two

miles from the shopping centre and their roads mere cart-tracks. Soon there will be 5000 houses and 25,000 people where Old John Ireland used to wake up in the morning and see green pastures.

Nowhere in the country is anything more up-to-date than this new estate. It is to have 500 acres for the Liverpool Airport, 500 acres for the residential area, and 1000 acres for industry. There will be a community hall, a cinema, a technical college, and a civic centre, besides parking grounds, churches, and schools, all designed in the most modern fashion. A boulevard 150 feet wide will run through the town, and there will be about 70 acres of playing fields by the Mersey. So the town has come to the countryman's doorstep.

Nature Goes By Clockwork

NATURE sets her clock by the Sun.

The sun sinks and the plants and animals slow down. The sun rises and the tick-tick of the watch inside them quickens again. This happens when night follows day or summer comes on winter's heels.

To outward seeming the plants keep the most regular timetable. Every Autumn when the leaves fall each leaf bud as it is stripped is preparing to begin again, but must wait to show it till the next Spring. The Spring may be backward or forward but every leaf and twig is ready for it, pressing forward steadily, just waiting for the signal to come out into the open. It is one of the miracles of Spring that, however black the winter, the snowdrop is never behind its appointed time.

There are many rivals to the snowdrop's punctuality, and (as William Watson remarked in one of his poems) Nature is never in a hurry, never bringing its treasures before the clock strikes for them:

*Nor would forgive should June disclose
Unceremoniously the rose.*

The birds, Nature's favourites, are astonishingly punctual. Even a Londoner may note how the gulls leave the Thames and return to it at the same time every year, almost to a day.

Nesting Time

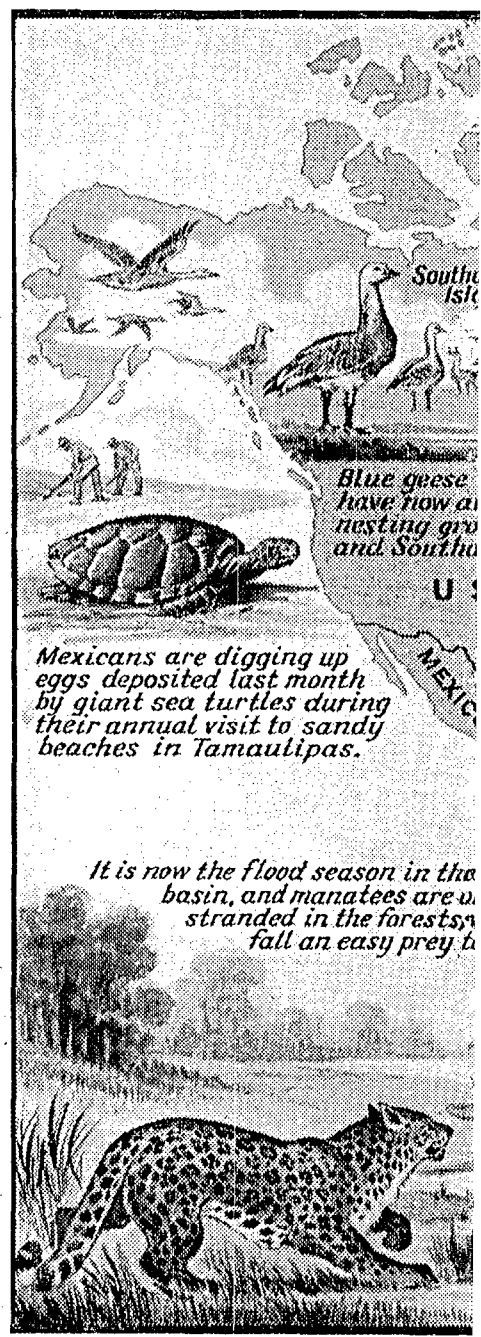
Like other birds, all over the Northern hemisphere, they are now away in their summer haunts bringing up their families. The Blue Geese are going from Louisiana for their nesting time in Bassin and Southampton Islands; wild duck are preparing the way for the rising generation of ducks on the Arctic or sub-Arctic tundra. All over the northern hemisphere the sea birds are awaking to the call of what soon will be the Midnight Sun.

Nothing in wild life is more astonishing than the way the birds keep to their clockwork calendar. The migrants come north, not merely to seek food but to have longer days for hunting it; and when their yearly task of bringing up the family is done they cease first from their song and then from their heavy work, and as the days shorten they go south again for a holiday or a rest cure. All is timed—the time to come, the time to build, the time to rear the brood and feed it, the time to send it out to fend for itself, and the time to go. Though birds will sometimes (very rarely) start to migrate leaving the young to perish in the nest, the migration is nearly always about the same date. We knew some migrant birds kept in a big aviary where, when the time came round, they would fly ceaselessly back and forth in the cage. They knew the time to make their long journey had come.

The Rhythm of the Insects

No less wonderful is the rhythm of the insects, which in the number of their species surpass all other terrestrial animals. The ants are peculiar among them because in their highly organised societies they carry on without taking much notice of the seasons. In temperate climates the bees and wasps shut down through the winter. The activity of the beehive is greatly reduced; the workers stop at home and live on their stores; the drones are cast out.

The time machine works more severely with the bumble bee and the wasp. With them the whole colony dies out at the



Continued from the previous column

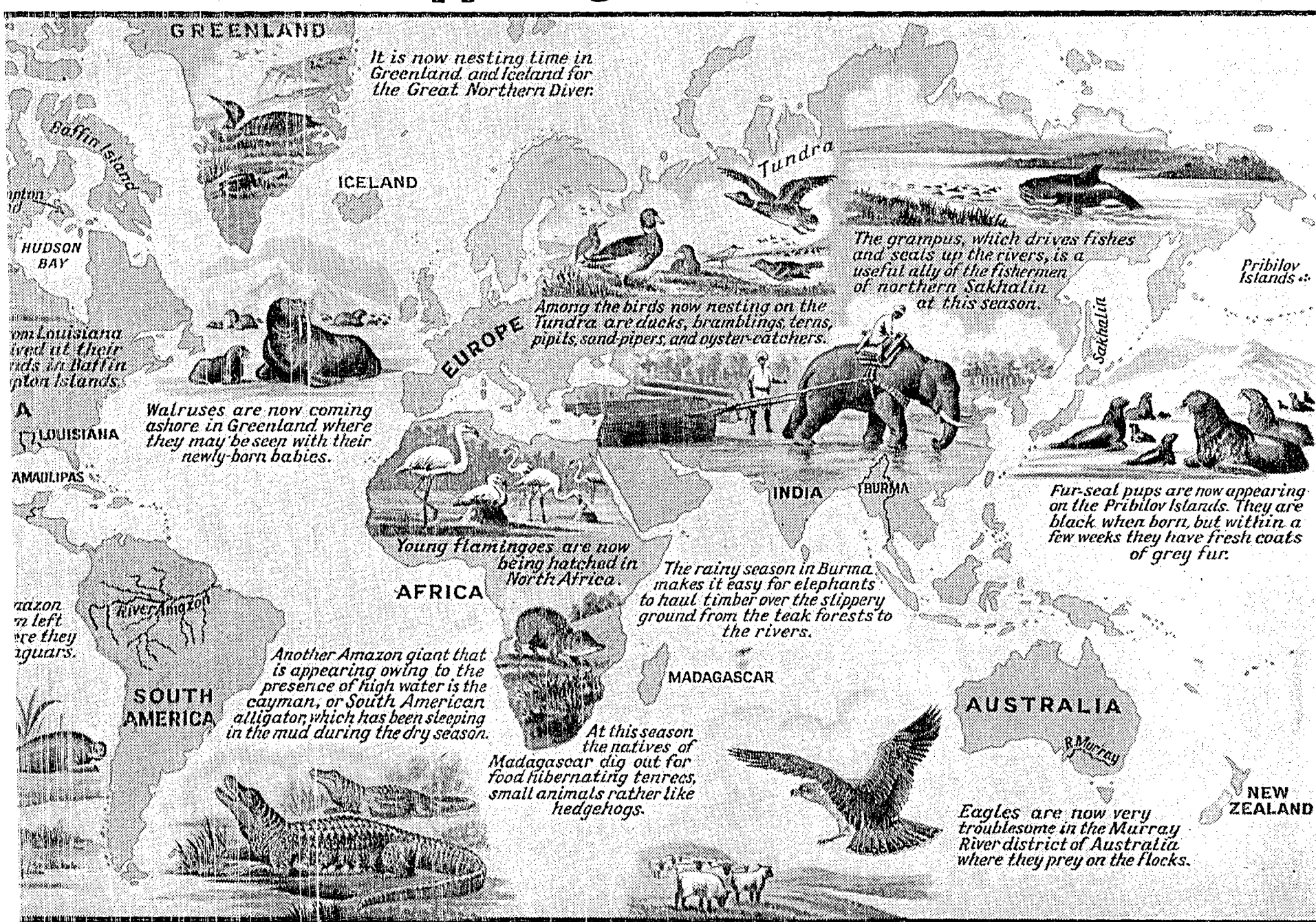
beginning of winter, except the queen. She sleeps lightly at first, then seems to die, but she wakes again in March, April, May, or even June. It depends on which month the species to which she belongs left off work for sleep.

The sun is the alarm to wake them. Among many other creatures the gong strikes the hour for them in a different way. For example, the break-up of the ice into floes sets bears and walrus and seals a-roaming. The female polar bear, which has buried herself in snow during the winter, feeding herself and her baby on her own fat, comes out to forage for more. Mr Polar Bear can take care of himself even through the winter above ground.

The seals begin to fight for a place in the sun, where their families may learn the business. The walrus begin a new activity of fishing. Off the island of Sakhalin in the Asiatic Arctic the grampus becomes a hunter. In North Africa the flamingoes assemble in flocks wearing their spring plumage. In South America the alligators emerge from the Amazon mud. Off the coast of Mexico the giant sea turtles put on their seasonal bathing habits.

There is work and food for all when the sun commands, stolen food for the eagles among the lambs, and work for the elephants in the teak forests and the sludgy, squidgy creeks of Burma.

Work—What is Happening in the Wilds This Month



A FLYING MAN'S MARVELLOUS SIGHT

DR PAUL ZAHL, at one time Professor of Biology in Harvard University, declares that while flying over British Guiana he discovered an astonishing waterfall.

Crossing a high plain about 80 miles north of Mount Roraima, he saw a river tumbling over a precipice which he calculated to be not less than 3000 feet. About 1400 feet from the top the single fall is divided by a ledge.

It remains to be seen whether or not Professor Zahl's waterfall is actually as high as he believes, but if his claim is confirmed it will rank as the second highest in the world, the first being in Venezuela, and seen only as recently as last January when an American airman photographed it. It is thought to have a clear drop of about 6000 feet. A mile of falling water must be a wonderful spectacle.

So far as certain knowledge goes, the highest waterfalls in the world are the Kukenam Falls in British Guiana, 2000 feet, the Sutherland Falls in New Zealand, tumbling over 1900 feet, the Ribbon Falls in California, with a drop of 1612 feet, and the Yosemite Valley Falls with a drop of 1430. Compared with these lofty waterfalls the Niagara Falls with a drop of 167 feet seem trifling, but the volume of water is immense.

The Yard-stick of Colour

THE very latest way of describing a colour, agreed upon by international scientists, is by means of three numbers.

The figures 550; 38; 62, for example, give an exact description of a bright yellowish-green, and by these numbers the exact colour, its brightness and strength, could be imitated 100 or 1000 years hence.

These three descriptive numbers refer to the dominant wavelength, the purity, and the brightness. To the trained scientific mind 400 represents deep violet, 500 bluish-green, 600 orange, and 700 deep red. This is because our sensation of colour is due to the length of the tiny waves that travel from any source of light to our eyes through the ether. The wavelength of a ray of light can be accurately measured, and the deepest violet ray we can see has a wavelength of 400 millionths of a metre, usually called millicrons. The rainbow colours consist of waves of various lengths ranging from 400 to rather more than 700 millicrons.

No pigments or dyes that we use in commerce reflect light of just a single wavelength: they reflect perhaps a hundred different wavelengths, but light of one pure colour or wavelength predominates. This dominant wavelength can now be measured by rather

laborious but accurate means which have been agreed upon by scientists of the principal countries. But a colour is never pure; it is always mixed with white or black, so that the purity is also measured, and finally the brightness of the coloured light which the pigment reflects. These two numbers are given in percentages, so that a very bright scarlet might be 620; 60; 90, meaning that the dominant wavelength is 620 millimicrons, the purity 60 per cent, and that 90 per cent of scarlet light is reflected from the pigment.

Other ways of measuring a colour are by examining it through pieces of glass called filters, which are coloured blue-violet, green, and red (the three primary colours), and measuring how much per cent of each one it contains. This is the type of instrument (called a colorimeter) which is used to measure the "colour tone" of a painting.

After Fifty Years

Visiting his old farm in South Africa the other day, a Mr Visser asked his friends if they had found his wife's wedding ring, which she lost in the farmhouse in 1888. Without a word Mrs Gaybba, the present holder of the farm, produced a ring, and Mr Visser recognised it as that which was lost.

THE AERIAL AMONG THE PALMS

ONCE upon a time the coral islands and volcanic islands of the Pacific were among the loneliest places in the world, and their inhabitants (the brown-skinned natives and the white missionaries and traders) seldom heard news of the outside world.

All that has been altered by the coming of wireless stations. There are a surprisingly large number of stations in the south-western Pacific which are in daily touch with the big Z L W station in Wellington, the capital city of New Zealand.

A news service is broadcast every night from Z L W on short-wave, and the inhabitants on palm-fringed islands to the north of New Zealand hear a summary of the world's news.

The radio system linking up isolated islands renders invaluable service. When doctors cannot reach a patient radio sends out a call for advice, the symptoms are described, and from the central station comes medical instruction regarding treatment.

When the natives are growing fruit for export to New Zealand radio gives them exact information regarding the movements of steamers, so that oranges and bananas may be picked at the right moment.

MIRACLES OF LIGHT

A Lamp Brighter Than The Sun

WHAT MAN CAN DO IF HE LIKES

We reported the other day the miracle of a blind man receiving his sight at Old Sarum; now come two scientific miracles of light hardly less interesting.

When the photo-cell was first discovered it was claimed that it was so sensitive to light that it would record the light of a candle burning two and a half miles away.

This miracle has surely been eclipsed by the marvellous light of the 2000 million candle-power beacon on the Colgate building in Chicago, which was mentioned in the C.N. the other day. Passengers flying in an aeroplane 27 miles away were able to read their newspapers comfortably by its light. A yard away this lamp is twenty thousand times brighter than sunlight as measured at the earth's surface.

The other miracle in recent illuminating engineering is the new mercury vapour lamp, which in a small water-cooled globe gives a light brighter in intensity than the sun itself. One of these lamps was shown the other day at a scientific congress in Washington.

For years we have been making mercury vapour lamps burn in a vacuum, and the light has been soft and green; the new type of lamp runs under terrific pressure, such as half a ton to the square inch, and the light is dazzling white. These lamps have only just been brought to perfection in the laboratory, and will very soon bring about some amazing changes in the science of lighting.

There appears to be no limit to the things that man can do if he will turn his mind away from the destructive work of war to constructive work like this.

SUITCASES FOR ALL

A Social Revolution is Coming

There is one interesting aspect of the idea of paid holidays; the sale of suitcases will become tremendous!

Think of the facts. There are nearly 20 million people working for wage or salary, and about 18,500,000 of them are earning less than £5 a week.

About eight millions of the 18,500,000 (two in every five) now get holidays with pay. The manual workers getting paid holidays are about three millions. If, therefore, paid holidays become universal, the number getting real holidays will rise by 10,500,000.

A splendid thing to contemplate, and legislation must be drafted to carry out the idea. There are difficulties, but none that cannot be surmounted.

It would be obviously necessary to spread holidays through the summer.

The Weather Ship

What is believed to be the first ship ever equipped as a floating weather station is now patrolling the Atlantic between the Azores and Bermuda, her crew having nothing else to do but keep their weather eyes open.

The Carimarc, a vessel of nearly 9000 tons, is to cruise between these islands till July, and her experts are to gather every kind of weather information, chiefly with a view to Transatlantic flying. Equipped with long, medium, and short wave apparatus, she will keep in touch with all ships crossing the North Atlantic, gathering information and sending it out. Her instruments will record temperature, humidity, and the pressure and direction of the wind not only at sea-level but at higher altitudes, and even in the stratosphere, for balloons are to be sent up with wireless sets attached.

THE FORTUNE OUR PEOPLE WASTE

A Plain Talk About Smoke

BY A SOCIAL OBSERVER

ASK leave of the Editor of the C.N. to enter a strong protest against the abuse of tobacco in our land. Probably nowhere else in the world is such licence taken by smokers and tolerated by society and authority.

We may illustrate the case by the position of smokers on British and American railways. America is notoriously a land of individual liberty, where the laws permit a number of things not tolerated in Europe, yet the American smoker is not allowed to monopolise railway coaches and make them dirty, as is permitted here.

The Non-Smoking Carriage

Our British railways have even dropped the old plan of reserving certain carriages for smokers and labelling them Smoking. The new practice is to label a few Non-Smoking and to permit smoking in the great majority. This licence is carried further by the smokers, who too often smoke in all parts of the train, and make themselves disagreeable if requested to use a carriage not labelled Non-Smoking. Those who do not like smoke had better not go by train, as they had better not go to theatres or cinemas. The world is being given up to the smoker.

On American railways the fine big coaches are for the most part kept free of smoke, as the British public can see by the American films. If a man wants to smoke when travelling he is not allowed to defile an ordinary coach and puff smoke upon a neighbour; he must go to the rear of the train, where a single "smoker" is provided.

Tobacco has been called the fragrant weed, and indeed it is pleasant enough to smell either when unburned or newly burned. But when tobacco smoke or half-burnt tobacco becomes stale its odour is disgusting. The atmosphere of a smoking-room is vile. The smoking of a single cigarette in a room makes its atmosphere unpleasant for many hours, even if the windows are left open.

What should we say of a man who, after consuming food, left traces of it to decay in a room or a railway carriage? The odour of fresh fruit is delightful;

the odour of decayed fruit is abominable. So it is with tobacco. The only proper place for it is out of doors.

Careless with his ashes, the smoker leaves his traces everywhere, in the house, on restaurant tables, in theatres.

Now that millions go to the cinemas the permission to smoke in them becomes a serious matter for non-smokers. As often as not, a pipe or cigarette is puffed down one's neck. Not rarely clothes are burned into holes through the extreme carelessness with which cigarettes are handled at close quarters.

Speaking of the cinema, it is sad to see the prevalence of smoking among women and even young girls which they reveal. Yellow-stained fingers and smoky hair are oddly associated with feminine grace and beauty. Young boys too are frequently seen poisoning themselves with tobacco. Poisoning is the proper word, for the peculiar element of the tobacco plant is nicotine, which visitors to Kew Gardens can see used in the glasshouses to kill injurious insects.

Smoking in youth has a stunting effect, and it is for serious consideration whether the use of tobacco by minors should not be prohibited by law, as was done before the war. What has happened, by the way, to the law which forbids young boys to smoke?

Havoc in the Countryside

I have said that tobacco-smoking should be kept out of doors. Unfortunately, however, it is playing havoc with our beautiful land. In the old days, before smoking became so common, woodland and heath fires were rare. Now the smoker goes about causing serious conflagrations wherever he goes. Over a million trees have been destroyed this year.

A final word on the cost of all this offence and damage. The Census of Production shows that the wholesale value of the tobacco as manufactured for sale is £120,000,000 a year, or nearly £3 a year for every man, woman, and child in the land. But this is the wholesale price, to which has to be added the big retail profit. Our people are spending on tobacco every year a great fortune, which is entirely wasted.

Spoiling the Community Centre

SOMETIMES, when people have grown up and have to go out in the world, they find it a very lonely place.

It has been said that nowhere can a man or woman be so lonely as in a great city like London, and we heard a notable artist say that he had lived in London thirty years without knowing his next-door neighbours.

But it is quite as lonely and chilly in the new housing estates now springing up everywhere round London. Some of these have been laid out for the very poor people who have been rescued and removed from slums and mean streets. Such new estates may be lavish with air and light, but lacking in human companionship.

The new settlers do not know their neighbours. Some of them, we fear, may be found wishing they were back in the grubby, cosy companionship of the slums where there was always somebody with whom to exchange the time of day.

In order to remedy this the good people who are trying to improve the conditions of life for the poor have been busy in establishing what are called Community Centres in these new housing estates. To such a Community Centre every man, woman, and child on the housing estate would be able to go. Amusements and recreation might

be provided, but they would gradually find their own entertainment, not the least part of which would be that of getting together.

Grants for these Community Centres are being made through the National Fitness Council, or the National Council of Social Service, and local authorities with the approval of the Board of Education may provide them.

But it is not all plain sailing. In one case we know of the London County Council has stepped in to insist on a condition in the use of the Centre. It must not be used, they say, except by bodies of which the Council approves! In other words, we suppose, people with odd ideas, such as might not meet the approval of the Council, must not use the Centre for ventilating and discussing them.

This seems to us a very great mistake, and an astonishing one for the L.C.C. The privilege the true-born Briton prizes most is the right of free speech, and it ought not to be denied him at his Community Centre. If it is the Centre will fall away from being the "market-place where all men meet" into a hall or garden closed to those who have not been provided with a ticket. In other words, not a Community Centre, but Half-a-Community Centre.

NO ALCOHOL IN THE CAMPS

New Zealand Pushing On

New Zealand is spending millions of pounds a year on building new railways and widening and paving highways.

Scattered through the thousand miles of the Islands are hundreds of camps in which live the workmen of the Public Works Department. These camps are away from the towns, and some of them are away among the mountains. They have to be very fit men to carry out the difficult task of road-building and railway construction.

Fortunately for New Zealand and the workmen, the Minister of Public Works is determined to have no alcohol in these camps. The Minister is Mr Robert Semple, who started work in the mines of Australia when a lad of nine years, and became a mines inspector and a contractor before he was elected to Parliament.

Mr Semple, who has a blunt way of speaking, recently announced that "For the first time in their history the constructional camps of New Zealand are free from alcohol."

The Government is paying its workmen high wages in order to push on with its new roads and railways as speedily as possible, and everyone knows that alcohol slows up work.

Mr Semple is Minister of Transport as well as Works, and has been directing a campaign to reduce accidents on the roads. His policy is to make wider roads and eliminate dangerous level-crossings and sharp corners, and he has also issued warnings against drunken drivers. Any motorists convicted of being intoxicated while in charge of cars are sent to prison by the magistrates without the option of paying fines.

THOSE WHO TALK AND THOSE WHO DO

How the Water Came to Newton

The world is full of two sorts of people, those who talk and those who do.

Mr Alfred Russell has been doing while others have been saying a great deal about a water scheme for Newton-on-Rawcliffe, a village of 200 people near Pickering in Yorkshire. During the exceedingly dry weather this year the Pickering Rural Council, the North Riding County Council, and the Health Ministry argued as to who should pay for water to be conveyed to Newton. Meanwhile, the water scarcity became acute, and folk at Newton were much more concerned about getting water for their houses and farms than about the question of payment.

As for Mr Alfred Russell, he wasted no more time discussing the matter. He found some old water pipes, took them to the fields, coupled them together, linked them with a spring and two troughs in the village street, and after setting an old paraffin engine to drive a pump supplied Newton with 500 gallons an hour of pure water.

Uncle's Fortune

About forty years ago Mr George Robinson, a Canadian farmer, lent his uncle £500.

It was a big sum for a young man of 22 to part with, but after a time he almost forgot it. Now his uncle has bequeathed him £60,000.

Long, Long Ago

What are believed to be the remains of a Stone Age village have been found in South Sweden. Over a score of hearths have been brought to light, the ashes lying in them just as on the day long, long ago when the fires went out.

June 4, 1938

The Children's Newspaper

11

MOVING ON The Changing Face of England

Something we have all noticed without thinking much about it has been given its proper meaning by Dr Haigh, Bishop of Coventry.

The people of these islands are being moved from one place to another in a way that has never happened before. In the bishop's own diocese of Coventry a quarter of its population of 400,000 are living in districts where nobody lived a few years back.

Coventry and Warwickshire are not singular in this way, though the movement of population there is owing to the starting of new industries in and about the continually extending towns. The city of Coventry, for example, has added 80,000 to its inhabitants in the last generation. They have to be housed in new districts.

All the big industrial towns could tell the same tale; and Greater London, which was once not ranked as industrial, has become so, and has to find room for nearly 100,000 more people every year. Whichever way we take out of London the springing up of new housing estates where once were fields, and of gigantic blocks of flats on the fast disappearing market gardens, tells the same tale.

From Mine to Farm

This is not the only form of putting new people into new places. In South Wales, where the mining industry decays, efforts are being made to shift the miners to new agricultural areas, and find for them new if transient employment there. In Lincolnshire, on the other hand, a new iron town has sprung up at Corby, to house those who are working for the first time the low grade iron-fields at last being exploited there on a large scale.

Many other examples will occur to anyone who keeps his eyes open, but with a few exceptions the new population of Great Britain (and of Ireland) is drifting far away from the countryside, and is deserting villages for the town.

Something of the kind has happened before, more especially during the industrial revolution of the 19th century, but never on such a scale as now. The people are shifting their moorings, and the Bishop of Coventry rightly says that it is a Christian duty to help them to keep hold of the simple faiths in which they were born.

Those who change their habitation must not be allowed to lose those things "which are lovely and of good report," and those who can help must see that the teaching of them follows the migrants and their children wherever they go.

After Many Days

Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.

A resident in Capetown not long ago received a letter from an Austrian officer who rescued him on the Italian front during the war.

The letter was addressed to:

Mr ———,

Twenty years ago officer in the
British Army,

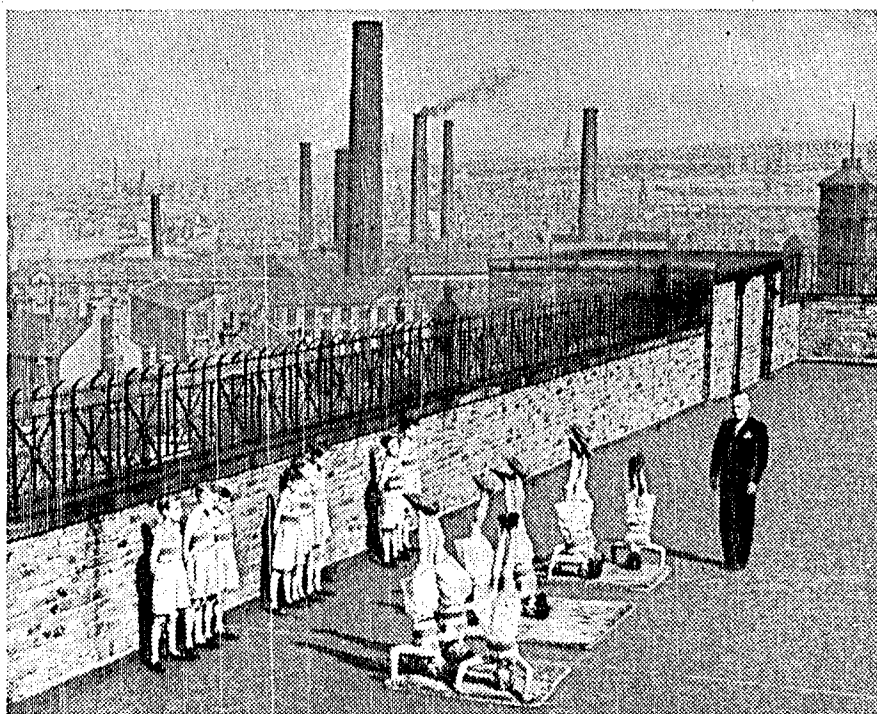
Merchant, Capetown.

During the war the Austrian picked up the South African as he lay wounded, cared for him for several days, and sent him to hospital. The Austrian was himself captured later, and the two did not meet again.

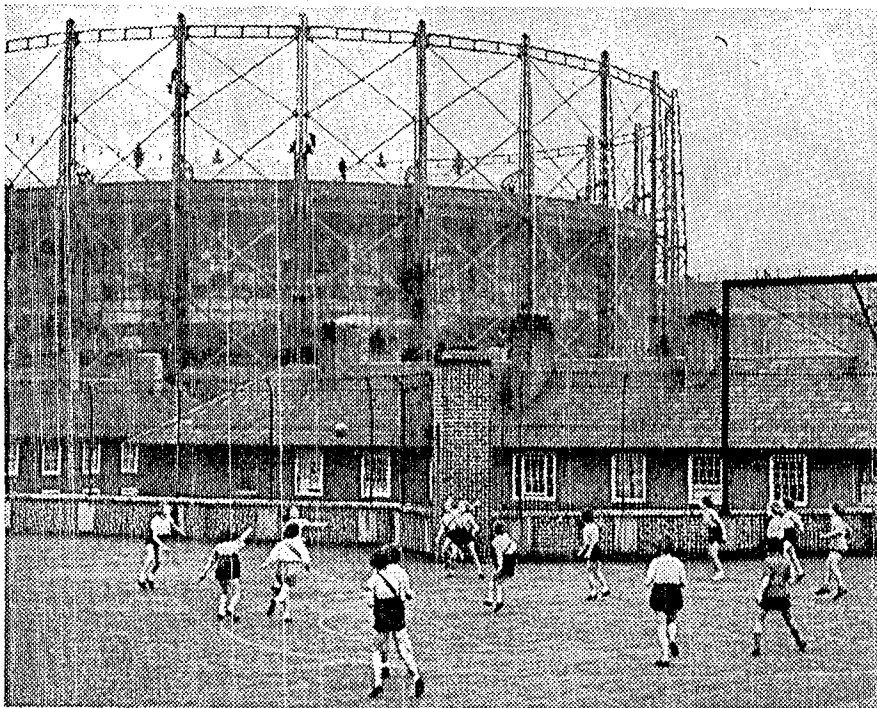
The South African prospered, and so did the Austrian, but the Austrian has now lost all he had, for he is a Jew, and the Nazis have no mercy. With his money lost, he has written asking if the South African remembers the war-time incident, and if he can do anything to help his family in its distress.

It need not be said that whatever help can be given will be given gladly.

Playgrounds Among the Chimneys



A physical training class on the rooftop playground of St Joseph's School, Clayton Lane, Bradford



Netball on the roof of the Henry Fawcett School at Kennington near the famous Oval cricket ground

The Wild Birds of Scotland

BIRD-LOVERS in Scotland are taking steps to secure for them a sanctuary in Castle Semple Loch.

The estate in which it lies, about half-way between Glasgow and Ardrossan, has been acquired by the Government for agricultural purposes, and the Scottish Society for the Protection of Wild Birds is appealing to the public to establish this important sheet of water as a reserve for wild birds.

The loch is one of the few in the west of Scotland remaining in a natural condition in which aquatic birds can rest, and feed, and nest; and unless bird sanctuaries are soon created the declining number of wildfowl in Scotland will grow less and less. There ought to be a chain of such sanctuaries in which birds will feel free from molestation from one end of Scotland to the other.

Many a natural haunt has become a public water supply or even a pleasure lake, with the reeds along its border cleared away; buildings have risen on the shores and the highway along its bank has become busy owing to motor transport; waste areas have been reclaimed; and as never before human beings have invaded the solitudes which the birds alone enjoyed. Thus a lot of things good for man have had a bad effect on the life of the wild bird, which

has also suffered from the efficiency of the modern gun in the hands of the irresponsible and heartless sportsman.

How valuable a sanctuary can be is shown in a recent report on the Duddington Loch Sanctuary, established near Edinburgh twelve years ago. Not only does an amazing variety of birds resort to it for breeding, but an enormous number frequent the Loch; as many as 1700 pochard were counted there on a day in January.

The Society aims at making Scotland "the most bird-loving country in the world," and believes that Castle Semple Loch would show splendid results as a new sanctuary. The C.N. hopes the Scottish Department of Agriculture will regard the project with favour, and that the lovers of wild life on both sides of the Tweed will support the campaign.

Six

The other day a Darwen boy, aged four, went into a shop and, pointing to a jar of brightly-coloured sweets, asked: How many of those do you get for a ha'penny?

Oh, five or six, the shopkeeper replied, and putting his halfpenny on the counter, the youngster said, "I'll have six."

Six he received.

MANCHESTER'S 100 YEARS

3000 Children In a Pageant

Manchester is a festive city this summer as it celebrates the centenary of its Charter granted under the Act of 1835, for which Richard Cobden and other citizens fought.

One of the chief events in the celebrations will be an Historical Pageant opened by 3000 schoolchildren arrayed as fairies representing Cotton, Steam, and Electricity. The Cotton Fairies will imitate in a dance the movements of a loom; boys symbolising Steam-power will represent a train, the steam itself being the billowing white veils of girls; and the Electricity Fairies will flash hither and thither like lightning. The climax of this fairy-tale prologue will be a Knight in shining armour defeating the Giant of Darkness.

Armour of Stainless Steel

One of the suits of armour used in this pageant will be of stainless steel, made to measure by a local metal-worker for its wearer. Centuries have passed since suits like this went out of fashion.

An interesting feature in the Pageant is that descendants of people famous in Manchester's story will represent those ancestors. For example, John Chetham, a Manchester insurance agent, will play the part of Humphrey Chetham, who founded the hospital and library which bear his name. The library (founded in 1654) was the first free public library in the country.

There is a lady, too, Miss Barbara Walker, who will take the part of the Manchester girl who fell in love with her ancestor, William Walker, who came to Manchester in 1745 with the Young Pretender and did not return.

A snuff-box used by that hapless prince is among the objects in a social museum formed in connection with the centenary. Others are the chair in which Queen Victoria sat when she opened the Ship Canal, and the parasol she used.

The Court Leet

In many ways Manchester was the cradle of municipal reform, which was not won without a struggle. This Charter setting up a mayor, aldermen, and councillors under an elective system was not enough, for the Commissioners who levied a rate for the lighting, watching, cleansing, and regulating of the town, and the officials of the Court Leet of the Lord of the Manor, still carried on side by side with the Corporation, which was even refused the use of the town hall. It was not until 1846, when the manorial rights were purchased from Sir Oswald Mosley and the powers of the Commissioners transferred to them, that the Corporation became the central authority.

In that year it acquired its first parks, in the next its own waterworks, and it has always been a leader in extending local government. It was the first town to provide and control an airport.

"By Council and Labour" is Manchester's motto, and worthily has the city justified it these hundred years.

Port Kembla is Thriving

Port Kembla, Australia's newest steel town, is now the ninth biggest centre of employment in the Commonwealth.

On the delightful south coast of New South Wales, it has mountains on one side and surf thundering on the other, and over it the bluest of skies.

The town has the biggest blast furnace in the Southern Hemisphere, out of which comes pig iron; from the open hearth furnace comes steel which is made into rods, rails, and sheets. Over a million has been spent on installing new coke ovens which produce coke, coal tar, gas, ammonia, and benzol.

Australia wants to become as independent as she can be, and Port Kembla is a good example of a thriving town.

THE CHANGING SOUTHERN CROSS

When Australia Will Lose Its Celestial Emblem

By the C N Astronomer

The small but grand constellation of Crux, popularly known as the Southern Cross and the emblem of both Australia and New Zealand, is now due south of the constellation of Corvus, which was described in the C N for May 21. The Southern Cross is just about as far below the horizon as Corvus is above it, when Corvus is due south. So if we travelled to about as far south as Ancient Thebes in Egypt, or anywhere near the 25th parallel of north latitude, we should see this famous constellation of the Southern Cross standing erect above the horizon.

First-Magnitude Stars

It is called the Southern Cross to distinguish it from the Northern Cross formed by the stars of Cygnus, now in the north-east in the evening. With the aid of the stars of Corvus it becomes very easy to imagine what the Southern Cross looks like; it is about the same size, so a comparison of this week's star-map of the Cross with that of Corvus shown a fortnight ago will convey their relative proportions. But, while the stars Gamma and Delta of the Cross are about as bright as Gamma and Delta of Corvus, Alpha and Beta of the Cross are first-magnitude stars, Alpha being about as bright as Pollux and Beta a shade brighter than Castor; indeed, these two stars of Gemini, both in distance apart and relative brightness, reproduce Alpha and Beta of the Cross almost exactly.

Alpha is composed of two pairs of immense suns, the first pair known as Alpha Crucis I radiating about 900 times more light than our Sun. They are very close together and must almost touch, revolving with great speed in rather less than a day, as revealed by the spectro-scope. The other pair, Alpha Crucis 2, is very similar but radiate about 560



The chief stars of the Southern Cross and, on the right, their position in 16,000 years' time

times more light than our Sun. An enormous distance separates the two pairs of suns as in the case of Castor, whose quartette of suns this wonderful solar system of Alpha Crucis thus resembles. Moreover, as in the case of Castor, there exists a far distant but small companion sun more like our own but radiating about 30 times more light. These suns of Alpha Crucis are at a distance of about 220 light-years, or some 13,900,000 times farther than our Sun.

Beta Crucis is a giant sun radiating 1500 times more light than our Sun but is 17,200,000 times farther away or 272 light-years, while Delta is 192 light-years distant and radiates about 170 times more light than our Sun.

The Southern Cross did not exist in ancient times: the stars composing it then formed part of the great constellation of Centaurus, the Centaur. Some 8000 years ago its stars could have been seen from what is now England, and 16,000 years hence they will again be visible from England, but by that time its familiar appearance will have vanished, for the stars of the Cross are speeding in different directions and by then they will be arranged as shown in the second star-map.

So this emblem of Australia and New Zealand will have ceased to present the form of a cross and the celestial symbol will have become but a memory long past. Thus do even the Heavens change. G. F. M.

DAISIES

Who has not gathered daisies? Sometimes we may see a field which is snow white with millions of them. By the roads, along the lanes, and near every stream the daisies smile from March to November, for they are among the commonest of all our wild flowers, so cheap that no one ever thinks of selling them, so lowly that, unless we buy cultivated varieties of them, we never think of planting them in our gardens.

For all that, the daisy is beloved by old and young. Known in Yorkshire as the bairnwort, the flower dear to children, it grows not only in the British Isles but throughout Europe, except in the most northerly regions, and marches on over the Ural Mountains into Asia.

What Luther Burbank Did

It is a universal favourite. Luther Burbank, the American Plant Wizard, took the little ox-eye daisy of the eastern United States and crossed it with our European daisy, producing a large and graceful flower. Then, still not content, he crossed the hybrid with a Japanese daisy, a flower of dazzling whiteness, and from these experiments he gave us a new daisy with a flower nearly six inches across, a truly majestic bloom.

To the farmer the daisy is a weed, good for nothing but to be uprooted and thrown aside, but to all who love the outdoor world in spring and summer the daisy is one of the sweetest of flowers. We love it for its fair face; and again and again our poets have spoken of its trick of closing its long lashes when the light fades, till it seems to have put on its night-cap and gone to sleep standing.

The Poets and the Daisies

Chaucer praised the daisies, declaring that they cheered him and softened his sorrow. Ebenezer Elliott, of the Corn Law Rhymes, thought of them as lifting up their little glowing hands on every hill. Shelley called them the pearly Arcturi of the earth, the constellated flowers that never set. Tennyson and Tom Hood had a good word for the daisies; and Wordsworth was never tired of singing their praises. To him a daisy was the poet's darling, a pleasant thought, a nun demure, a queen in crown of rubies dressed, a sweet and silent creature. But Robert Burns it was who raised the "Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower" from its low estate, making it the object of philosophy.

A lovely thought it is that the little flower of our fields should be the emblem of the Empire. Not the exquisite lily or the proud rose, but the common daisy has been chosen as the symbol of our great commonwealth of nations; for, just as the daisy is a composite flower, each part perfect and complete in itself, but all uniting to their mutual advantage, so the Empire is a great family of peoples whose unity means strength, whose concord means progress.

After the Rain

Rain has brought good fortune to several diamond diggers at Kimberley.

A coloured man who had been unfortunate with his digging for some time decided after the rain to give his claim one more chance, and to his surprise saw something shining in a crevice. It was a diamond worth £350. Another coloured man unearthed a stone worth £600. Near Barkly West a European digger found his claim flooded, but in it was a diamond worth £1900.

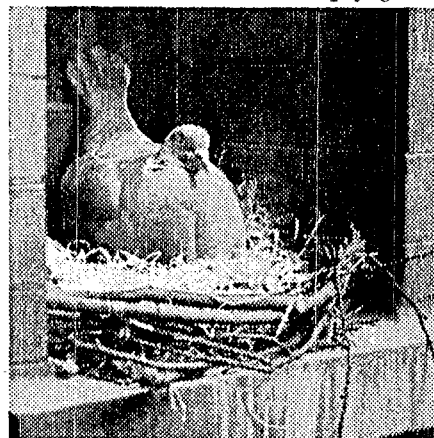
NEST NEWS

Pecked by birds was the official explanation written on the envelope of a letter delayed in the post to Worthing.

It was addressed to a Worthing lady and sent from a village in Kent. When it arrived at its destination it was all tattered and torn, and the Post Office had sealed up what was left of it.

We hear of a notice on a garden gate in Yorkshire asking postmen not to use the letter-box on the gate, but to deliver all letters at the house because two birds have built their nest in the box.

Some thrushes have built a nest on the hand-brake of an empty goods



A nesting pigeon on a window ledge of the Ministry of Health in Whitehall

wagon at Thirsk, and in order that the family of four may not be disturbed the wagon remains stationary in the siding.

A little tragedy has happened in Cambusnethan churchyard, for one of the gayest nests ever made has come to grief, blown down in a high wind; it was built by a pair of chaffinches and covered with confetti, a wonderful little rainbow home of blue, white, red, and yellow.

At St Andrews University a blackbird made its nest on a clock in the classroom where Professor J. N. Wright lectures on logic, the blackbird often staying on the nest during the lectures.

Walt Disney's Triumph

The most astounding thing in the history of the films is the fact that a picture without a star actor or actress to help it is making a fortune for its creator. We refer, of course, to Walt Disney's Snow White.

It is a wonderful thing, not to be credited before it was proved, that shadows of human beings on a screen could draw greater audiences than human beings themselves; that film actors could become more famous than stage actors. It is even more wonderful to find animated cartoons becoming as popular or even more popular than the performances of film actors.

Walt Disney is to go on with his wonderful work and is to make a new full-length picture every year. He is as modest as he is successful, and is never satisfied with his own amazing accomplishments.

Maori Canoe For an Ocean Liner

The brown-skinned natives of New Zealand and the Pacific islands were the Vikings of the South.

They made voyages of thousands of miles in frail canoes hollowed out of the trunks of trees. They used to lash two canoes side by side to give greater seaworthiness.

When the great cruise liner Empress of Britain (42,348 tons) was berthed at the seaport city of Auckland the mayor took the opportunity of presenting to Captain Busk-Wood a handsome carved model of a Maori canoe and steering paddle. The mayor explained that the Maoris, inhabitants of New Zealand before the coming of English settlers, migrated there in canoes from the tropical islands near the equator.

A GRAMOPHONE REVOLUTION

Music from a Beam of Light

An entirely novel gramophone has been invented and is now on sale.

It uses a beam of light instead of a needle, and because there is no needle there is no scratch. Moreover, the record is of such a character that an hour's entertainment can be enjoyed from a single one without further adjustment. A symphony can be played right through without interruption.

The machine has been called the Cell-o-Phone because it utilises the photo-electric cell.

The instrument works in very much the same way as the sound-system of the talking films. In the recording the sound is changed into light; and in reproduction the light is changed back into sound.

Here is the process. When we speak or make music we set up waves in the atmosphere. These waves vary in size and shape according to the nature of the original sounds, and radiate in all directions. When directed into a microphone these varying waves are translated into correspondingly varied electric waves or impulses.

These electrical impulses are made to oscillate mirrors which throw light upon a sensitive moving film. The areas of light projected, and consequently the shapes recorded on the film, vary according to the electrical impulses. They make zigzag shapes on the sound track, which is a ribbon about a fifth of an inch wide. The ribbons are wound on reels.

Ribbons Instead of Discs

That is how the record ribbons are made. Now for the reproduction.

The reproducing instrument (the cell-o-phone) simply reverses the previous process. The sound track ribbon, with its varying black and white shapes, is unwound in front of a powerful lamp, so that continually varying areas of light pass through the track and play upon a light-sensitive photo-electric cell.

This cell translates the light back into varied electrical impulses, which are then amplified and applied to the cone of the loud-speaker.

Thus animated, the loud-speaker sets up vibrations in the atmosphere, or in other words, sounds, which are the same as the sounds originally recorded.

This seems complicated, but the instrument is operated without trouble.

The record ribbon of this gramophone corresponds to the sound strip that runs side by side with the tiny pictures of the film. In both cases sound is reproduced as light and then turned back into sound.

Competition Result

In C N Competition Number 52 the two ten-shilling prizes have been awarded to Eve Goodwin, 17 11 Avenue, Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, S.E.18; and Margaret Knowles, 56 Bents Drive, Eccleshall, Sheffield, 11, who sent the most neatly written correct entries.

The 25 half-crowns have been awarded to the following:

R. W. Bishop, Wimborne; Alison G. Brown, Woking; Margery Clayton, Bradford; Frank Davies, Thurnscoe East, nr Rotherham; Lauder Dew-Kensington; Muriel Dixon, Birdwell, nr Barnsley; June Durose, Derby; Phyllis Easton, Bexhill; Joan Grant, London, N.W.11; Muriel Harvey, Lytham St. Annes; Margaret S. L. Hepburn, Birmingham; John Hogg, Sheffield; Peter Horrocks, Kenilworth; Betty Jones, Nantwich; Marie Knight, Hesse; Mary Lyddon, London, S.E.20; Kathleen Perkin, Leeds; Lorna Retter, Thorncombe, Somerset; Gordon W. Richards, Southport; Jean Saunders, Redhill; Joyce Start, Long Eaton; Joan Tomlinson, Birmingham; Paul Townsend, Wandsworth; Maurice A. Turner, Sheffield; Margaret Witt, North Harrow.

Those prizewinners whose names are marked with an asterisk have obtained new readers and are awarded half-a-crown in addition to the prize.

Here is the correct order of grouping: 1 and 4, 3 and 11, 5 and 2, 7 and 8, 10 and 6, 12 and 15, 14 and 9, 16 and 13.

SHUT UP THE PRISON & OPEN THE MUSEUM

A Transformation Scene in York

York, having demolished its gaol and the great wall in front of it to give place to new municipal offices, has transformed the 18th century prison beside it into a Folk Museum.

This building faces the Assize Court across the quadrangle below the famous Clifford's Tower, which crowns the mound raised by the Conqueror, and has on its left the Debtor's Prison, a handsome Queen Anne building, so it is not inappropriate to that way of life in the 17th and 18th centuries which its new collection reveals. Indeed, some of the prison cells, including the padded cell and the condemned cell, are preserved as examples of what imprisonment meant a hundred years ago.

For the rest, this prison has been transformed into a museum of nine galleries and ten rooms, with a floor space of 2000 square yards. Here we can walk along a glass-roofed street between buildings of two or three storeys and look in the windows of 15 shops, which are ranged, together with a complete black-and-white Tudor house, about a cobbled central space.

A Splendid Gift

The shop windows represent various trades, and we can see displayed in them hundreds of objects which our ancestors would have bought or coveted.

The collection was made by Dr J. L. Kirk, who kept it for many years in a hall at Pickering and a few years ago offered it as a gift to any Yorkshire town which would display it for the public. York was able to provide the best home for the collection, and has spent £8000 on this excellent museum, while the Carnegie and Rowntree trustees have each made gifts of £500.

Museums illustrating the folkcraft and social life of England are rare in this country. Readers of the C N are familiar with the fine Abbey Folk Park at Barnet, and rooms in our national and municipal museums display similar objects. But York has set a striking example of what can be done by a town already rich in museum pieces in its streets, as well as in those remarkable grounds of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society where the civilisation of Roman Britain is preserved.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C N of June 1913

Selling the Time. The best timekeeper in the world is a young lady in London named Belleville. Many a ship at sea finds its way with the help of her accurate timekeeping. She gets the Greenwich time once a week, and sells it to the makers of nautical clocks and other highly refined time-registering machines.

This profession of selling Greenwich time has been in Miss Belleville's family for half a century. Her father began it. Makers of very expensive clocks and watches must have the exact Greenwich time. With these men it would not do to call a watch a good timekeeper if it lost or gained only a minute a week. For a ship's chronometer to lose or gain time might, in the course of a long voyage, lead to serious mistakes in finding the latitude, and possibly end in the vessel being run aground or on to hidden rocks.

So Miss Belleville's father started the business of selling time. He used to go to Greenwich once a week, get his watch set right by the authorities, and then hurry round to the watchmakers who employed him, giving them, week by week, the time correct to a fraction of a second.

THE SCHOOL AND THE ROAD

L C C Experiments

As we understand it, the L C C Education Committee have agreed to a number of experiments to protect children from traffic dangers.

First, training in road sense is to be given weekly in all schools. Only good can come of this, if the teaching follows the dictates of common sense.

Second, children are to be forbidden to bring to school toy cycles, scooters, and roller skates.

Third, children are to be discouraged from stealing lifts behind vehicles, playing with balls, tops, and marbles, or reading books, on the way to or from school.

Fourth, if there are special points of traffic danger near a school monitors may be appointed to exercise control at such points, provided that the parents of the Traffic Monitor consent.

Fifth (and this is a very important matter), children are not to be allowed to bring cycles to school unless the children concerned are enrolled in a School Cyclists Club and issued with a licence by the Council. Further, they must carry on their bicycles the letter S issued by the council, and they must pass an examination in ability to cycle safely, and must carry a rear red reflector on the cycle in addition to the regulation white surface.

Some critics have called these regulations grandmotherly, but that is nonsense. In these days of hectic speeding even adults have to be protected, and it is eminently reasonable that children should be taught to protect themselves.

It must be increasingly obvious, however, that while protecting the children we must call upon Parliament with greater vehemence to see that motorists are prevented from taking this tragic toll of adult and child life.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Owing to the Whitsun holidays there will be no broadcasts next week to schools in England and Wales.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training for Seniors: by Anne H. McAllister.

TUESDAY, 11.0 Speech Training for Juniors (Three Singing Sounds): by Anne H. McAllister. 2.5 The Farms of Scotland—Market Gardens: by W. G. Ogg. 2.30 Poetry (Lepanto, by G. K. Chesterton; and The Ballad of the Revenge, by Tennyson): by W. M. Clyde.

WEDNESDAY, 2.30 How Surroundings Influence Life: by A. D. Peacock. 3.0 Songs of U S A—(3) Negro Spirituals: Arranged and presented by Herbert Wiseman.

THURSDAY, 2.5 Music—Starts and Stops: by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 Nature Study—A Walk on the Seashore: by James Ritchie. 3.5 Scottish History—The Kirk: by J. W. Oliver.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Geography of Europe (Trade and Cities—Life on a Rhine Barge): by W. B. Gow. 2.55 Poems of Childhood.

When Petrol Was Rubbish

Fifty years ago mineral oil was known, but mainly as a convenient and cheap fuel for domestic lamps and stoves.

When petrol was produced in the process of refining it was regarded as a useless by-product and enormous quantities were burned as the cheapest way of getting rid of it.

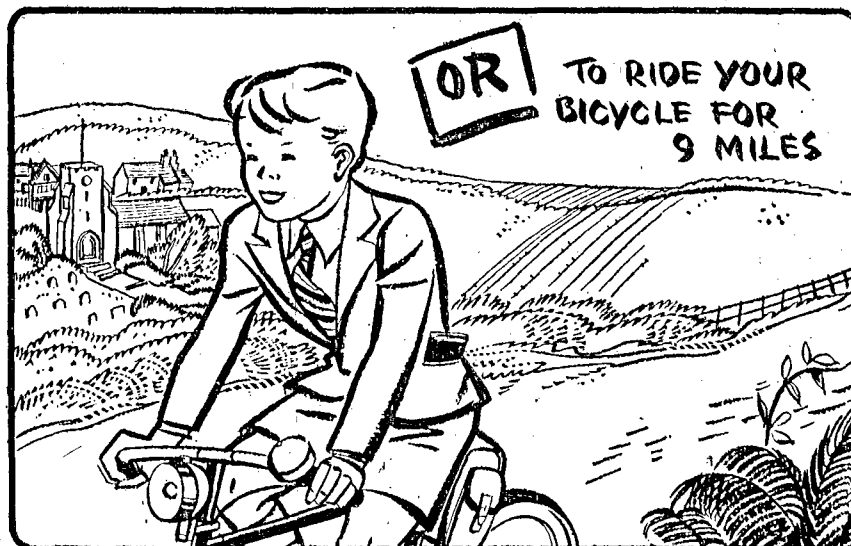
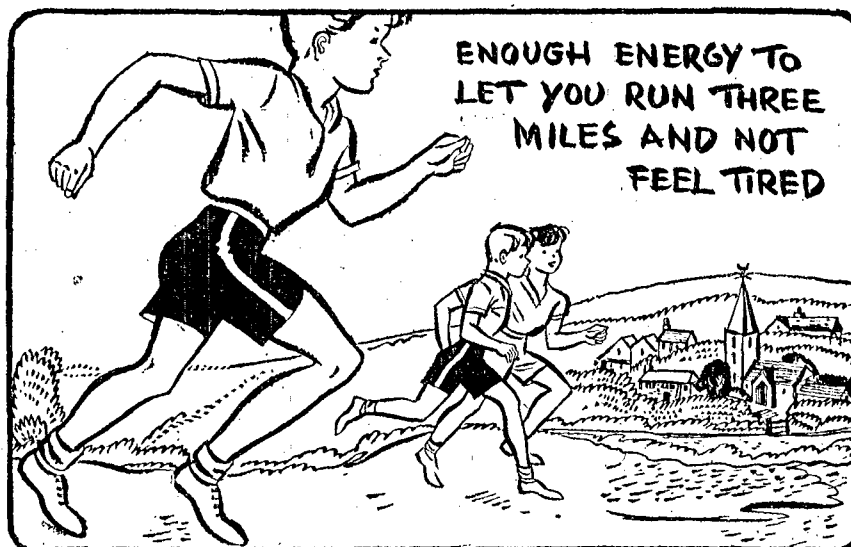
It first occurred to the Government to tax it in 1909, when a duty of 3d was charged. Even in 1915, in wartime, the tax was no more than 6d, and it was abolished in 1921. In 1928 it was renewed at 4d; in 1931 it was raised to 8d; now it has been raised to 9d.

Last year we used 1445,000,000 gallons and the Treasury collected £50,000,000 in tax! A strange contrast with the time when petrol was treated as rubbish!

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amount of energy for you
in every 2 oz. block of
Cadburys Milk Chocolate

BOY?



FOOD EXPERTS SAY that every boy and girl needs this energy if they are to do well at work and to enjoy their games to the full. So when you buy Cadburys, remember that you're getting more than something that's nice to eat, remember that there's a glass and a half of milk in every half-pound block. *That means energy in a most delicious form.* It's good for you and you like it.

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MILK CHOCOLATE

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Also in ¼ lb. and ½ lb. blocks

THE RED RANGER

Short Story
By D. M. Gill

CHAPTER 1

Uncle Bill's Sailplane

THE 12.30 express drew up in the station with two intent figures leaning from one of its carriage windows. Ken Radcliffe and his friend Stuart eagerly scanned the waiting crowd.

"There he is!" exclaimed Ken, signalling. "Hello, Uncle Bill!"

Flinging the door back, the two boys leapt out with their cases and threaded their way towards Ken's bronzed, athletic-looking uncle, Bill Radcliffe.

"Stuart—Uncle Bill!" Ken introduced the couple.

"Very decent of you to ask me," grinned Stuart, thrilled to be shaking hands with a man whose name had figured prominently in the sporting news.

"Not at all," laughed Radcliffe; "in fact, I am the lucky one to be able to get you two fellows at such short notice. Come on, we won't waste time."

The three made their way to the car.

"Hello!" exclaimed Stuart, noticing an unusual bracket protruding from the back.

"Do you use this car for launching?"

"Yes. Are you keen on gliding?"

"Rather!"

"When you told me to bring a friend," put in Ken, as they settled down for the three-mile drive, "I knew it would have to be old Stew. He's keen on gliding—member of the county Gliding Club and all that—and he's simply bursting to ask you questions."

Radcliffe twinkled. "Maybe I can get a few tips from him! Can you pilot a high-efficiency sailplane?"

"Well, yes," ventured Stuart. "But I can't keep up for long; at least, not as long as I'd like. It must be thrilling to keep up for hours like you. You still hold the record for a long-distance flight, don't you?"

"Oh, that!" Radcliffe laughed. "That will easily be beaten at the International Gliding Contests this summer."

"But, Uncle Bill, you're a positive wizard at gliding," protested Ken; "who's going to beat your record?"

"I am," Radcliffe told him. "To make sure nobody else does! I've designed and constructed a machine that can soar better than any sailplane I have ever piloted. Yes, the Red Ranger is a beauty, and I believe you chaps will say the same when you see her."

"How soon will that be?" asked Stuart eagerly, as the car entered a private road through Radcliffe's estate.

"We'll go straight to the hangar now, if you're game. I left Taylor tinkering about with her when I came to meet you."

He swung the wheel, and the car swerved into a branch track that quickly brought them to his private workshop and hangar, standing back a little from a long level grass runway.

His chauffeur, hearing the car approach, appeared at the door of the building.

"You strained a wire, sir, on that last landing of yours," he reported. "Thought you came down a trifle overfast. I've put it right, but you'd better take a look at it."

"All right, Taylor. You'll be glad to see I've brought some reinforcements for launching."

Taylor nodded cheerily to the boys. He seemed as proud as Radcliffe of the Red Ranger, which they all trooped in to inspect.

"My word!" exclaimed Stuart in admiring tones, as he ran his eye over the graceful lines of the new machine and noted the immense wing-span and streamlined fuselage which gave an impression of strength coupled with buoyancy.

"Thought you'd like her," chuckled her owner. "But wait till you see her in the air! I'm just champing to have her out again. You see, I've been held up the last day or two for want of a launching crew."

"I thought you used the car for launching," said Ken.

"But you still need a crew for the tail and wing," Stuart was quicker than his friend to see Radcliffe's need. "Is that where we can help? Is that why you wanted Ken to bring a friend?"

Radcliffe nodded. "I thought you would probably enjoy it."

"We shall! I say," Stuart went on, "wouldn't you like to take her up now? The wind's just right."

Radcliffe jumped at the idea, so the hangar doors were quickly opened back and the Red Ranger run out and faced into the wind. Taylor manoeuvred the car into position ahead of her, with the long

length of launching rope and shock-cord carefully adjusted between.

"Now," Radcliffe told the boys, as he settled into the pilot's seat, "Ken, you hold her tail back, and, Stuart, you hold her wing-tip steady until I give the word; then let her go. She'll take some holding, mind you, but I think you can manage it."

Taylor accelerated; away went the car, tightening the rope and stretching the shock-cord to almost double its length.

"Release!" cried Radcliffe, and the sailplane shot forward, parting first from the ground and next from the launching cord, as it went and gaining height every second. The boys raced to the brow of the hill. They watched the machine beat along the hill-face, gradually gain height, and then soar higher and higher in a series of curves with the ease and smoothness of a gigantic seagull.

"Doesn't it look easy!" exclaimed Ken.

"Fancy doing that with a machine which has no engine!"

"My word, your uncle is some pilot! He simply does what he likes with the thing! Wonder how long it will be before I can put up a show like that?"

As they watched fascinated they became aware of a figure approaching them.

"Not a bad performance," said a voice, and they turned to find that a sleek-looking individual in a canary-yellow cardigan and disreputable flannels had joined them. "I guess that pilot is my old friend Radcliffe, eh?"

"Yes."

"Hmm! He's not doing at all badly. Has he got a new machine?"

"Yes," said Ken again, not sure if he was wise in giving away the information.

"I thought as much. His own design?"

The boys affected not to hear.

"Look, he's coming back," cried Stuart.

They ran to overtake the Red Ranger as it sank gently towards the ground, skimmed over the grass, and came to rest. Radcliffe climbed out, well satisfied with the result.

"She's a beauty, boys! Responds to the merest touch." His glance fell on the canary cardigan. "Hello, Coutts!" he exclaimed, not too pleased. "Wherever did you spring from?"

"Oh, found myself in the neighbourhood and thought I'd look you up. That's a pretty machine you've got there. Getting

ready for the International Contests? I only wish I could enter."

"Why don't you?"

"Well, the fact is I'm down on my luck, Bill, and have had to give up gliding. Haven't been in a machine for six months. But, gee!"—he moved closer to the Red Ranger, taking in every detail—"the very sight of those controls makes my palms itch. Say, Bill, is she as good in the air as she looks on the ground?"

"She's pretty good," said Radcliffe. "Come, boys; push her back into the hangar."

"I suppose no one else has been up in her but you," went on Coutts suggestively. "But you know, Bill, I'm no rabbit when it comes to a sailplane, and it might be a good thing for you to have a second opinion on a new model. What about it?"

"Not today," said Radcliffe, shoving at the Red Ranger. "These boys are too hungry to be kept waiting for their dinner any longer. Come on, chaps."

CHAPTER 2

Red Ranger Disappears

EARLY the following morning Radcliffe questioned Stuart closely about his gliding experience, and then fairly took the boy's breath away by suggesting that he made a flight in the Red Ranger.

"Do you mean it?" he gasped.

"I'd like you to see what she feels like," Radcliffe told him. "You'll find you can handle her easily as long as you're not too ambitious. We'll get her out at once."

Stuart was taut with excitement as he took his position for the launch.

"Take it easy," Radcliffe warned him, "or your movements will be jerky. Turn after the launch and keep along the hill-face, not too near in. Only attempt safe turns and come down again pretty soon."

The young pilot was glad when he was off, for once in the air he quickly felt at home with the controls and manipulated the machine with confidence. The airflow along the hill-face and at either end gave sufficient up-current to enable him to soar without much difficulty, and he made a perfect up-wind landing.

"First-rate!" cried Radcliffe, helping him out.

"You were up ten minutes," said the voice of Coutts. He had appeared on the scene during Stuart's absence and was obviously keener than ever to make a flight in the machine himself. Radcliffe found it more difficult to refuse now that Coutts had seen Stuart up.

JACKO WINS A PRIZE

JACKO was terrifically excited. A fair had come to Monkeyville.

"Oh, Mater," he cried, prancing round the kitchen, "do let me go—and perhaps I could help you by taking Baby!" he added artfully.

"Bless the boy!" smiled Mother Jacko. "Very well, if you behave yourself, and help me with the dishes

wander round the grounds without taking part in anything. Then they came to something which immediately caught Jacko's attention. It was a game of Ring-a-Prize. Arranged on a huge table were prizes of all kinds, woolly rabbits, tins of toffee, flower vases—in fact, things that made Jacko's eyes gleam. He'd have a shot!



The ring landed neatly on his head

after dinner, you may go along for a little while."

"Hurrah!" cried Jacko. As soon as he had raced through helping Mother Jacko (making so much clatter that she wished she hadn't asked him!) he and Baby scampered across the fields to the fair.

It was a very gay scene. There were swings, roundabouts, coconut-shies, a helter-skelter, and all sorts of exciting side-shows.

There was so much to see that at first Jacko and Baby were content to

"That's right!" cried the man behind the table. "Stand back twelve paces and try to get the rubber ring over a prize!"

While Jacko had been gazing at the prizes Baby thought he would like to explore, and he crawled round to the back of the table.

Whizz! Jacko threw his ring, and at that moment Baby decided to give Jacko a surprise by popping his head up above the table.

He did! For Jacko's ring landed neatly on his head!

"All right, Coutts," he conceded, not too willingly. "You can take her up. But don't keep up long and don't try any fancy stuff with her."

Coutts climbed in with alacrity, and Radcliffe superintended the launch. Somehow this was not so vigorous as usual. Maybe it was a precaution on Radcliffe's part, but certainly the Red Ranger did not gain the height she should, and it looked for a moment as if she had not wing-lift enough to rise properly. But Coutts managed it, banked left, and disappeared. The watchers hurried to the edge of the hill to follow his movements. To their astonishment there was no sign of the machine.

"He must have rounded the end of the hill, sir," said Taylor.

But seconds passed, then minutes, and no Red Ranger reappeared.

"What on earth is that fellow doing?" fumed Radcliffe.

"Perhaps he's had to come down," suggested Ken.

"He certainly was low, and the wind is less, but he could make back here easily."

"I'm afraid he isn't going to," said Stuart. "Look here, shall Ken and I sprint along to the end of the hill and find out what's happened to him? It can't be more than a mile."

"That's a good idea. And Taylor and I had better drive round by road with the car in case we want it."

The boys settled down into a steady lope along a path which Ken knew would lead eventually to a vantage point at the far end of the hill. They had covered half the distance when they were overtaken by a delivery van. Ken, recognising the local baker and van boy, begged a lift, and as he and Stuart clung one on either running-board he explained their errand.

Intrigued by the news of a sailplane in difficulties, the couple in the van left the car at a suitable point and hurried with the boys toward the open stretch of hill-top.

"There it is!" cried Stuart. "But—my word! They're stealing the thing!"

It was true. The Red Ranger was all ready for a fresh launch, with a powerful touring car warming up her engine on the grass ahead and a launching rope fastened between. Coutts had just finished giving instructions to the driver, and was racing for the sailplane, where a second man prepared to hold her level for the launch.

"Good thing we arranged to be here," called out this last individual, a big, top-heavy sort of fellow.

"Yes, but I thought Radcliffe might give me a poor launch. Got to make it a proper one this time, and quick too, or they'll be after me! Now, hold on to her for all you're worth!" Coutts shouted to the car, "Ready?"

He was in the act of climbing into the machine when four figures hurried silently upon the scene from behind. Over went Coutts under the flattening weight of the baker. Over went the top-heavy man before the charge of Ken and the baker's boy.

"Nip in!" rapped out Ken to Stuart, dashing to a wing-tip of the glider; and then to the baker's boy, "Hang on to her tail!"

Stuart leapt into the cockpit. "Go!" he yelled at the car, trusting that the driver was unaware of the swift dramatic interlude.

The car shot forward, while the baker's boy and Ken held back the sailplane.

"Release!"

They let go. The Red Ranger sped forward like an arrow, with Stuart grimly concentrating every nerve on the management of stick and rudder bar.

He banked, not too sharply, and was relieved to feel himself gain better height. As he was carried from the scene he allowed himself one brief downward glance; and saw Ken waving triumphantly as he and their two helpers headed back towards the van.

It was not an easy flight, but he nerved himself to it, and his keenly developed air sense and skilful manipulation of the controls brought it off. The Red Ranger glided smoothly down.

Before she had even reached a standstill Radcliffe's car roared over the grass and drew up alongside her. "Look here, Coutts, what do you mean—?" began Radcliffe angrily, and then stopped. "Stuart!" he gasped. "But what's happened?"

Briefly Stuart told him.

"So that was his game, was it? To go off with the sailplane, bag all the improvements in her design and make use of them."

"He probably would have had the cheek to return her later and say the extended flight was an accident," added Stuart with a chuckle. "What luck we fooled him!"

"Luck!" echoed Radcliffe. "I should say it was skill. Not every pilot could take over the Red Ranger and bring her home again as neatly as you did. We are evidently going to hear more of you, young man!"

GOOD NEWS TO THOSE WHO HAVE WISHED FOR WAY TO WHITEN TEETH

Readers who are tired of trying new dentifrices claiming to make their teeth white overnight will be interested in the discovery of what actually does whiten teeth—surely and safely.

A certain brand of magnesia will do this, and only one dentifrice contains it. 'Milk of Magnesia' is what whitens the tooth enamel. The new type of toothpaste, called Phillips' Dental Magnesia, contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' A few days from the time you begin to use this on your teeth they will be distinctly whiter. You won't have to imagine the improvement. Your mirror will show it plainly. Your friends will notice it. 'Milk of Magnesia' causes a certain chemistry in the mouth, and the dullest teeth brighten and whiten under it.

But that is not the main reason the dental profession is urging the use of this dentifrice. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the most effective neutralizer of destructive mouth acids yet discovered. Tartar does not even form in the mouth that is kept alkaline by constant use of Phillips' Dental Magnesia. It keeps the gums hard, and the gumline safe from decay. And, as we have said, the teeth as white as if they had been "bleached."

Don't be misled by toothpastes just claiming to contain magnesia; it is 'Milk of Magnesia' that removes the stains and actually whitens the worst discoloured teeth. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.

A "FOUNTAIN PEN" for 2d



The Gillott Nib with the new "Inkeduct Reservoir" attachment (Prov. Pat.) gives fountain-pen action with advantages of Gillott's Stainless Steel Nib. "Inkeduct" opens for easy cleaning. Supplied with three patterns of nib.

High-class stationers stock, or box containing 3 pens can be obtained direct from Joseph Gillott & Sons, Ltd., post free on receipt of 7d. in stamps.

Gillott's Pens
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS LTD., VICTORIA WKS., BIRMINGHAM, I.

FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED FOR THE INFANTS HOSPITAL

which is entirely dependent upon voluntary contributions for its maintenance. There are now 100 cots; accommodation for seven Nursing Mothers; an Out-patient Department; X-Ray; Artificial Sunlight and Massage Departments; a Research Laboratory; a Lecture Theatre; and a Milk Laboratory. Subscriptions should be addressed to The Secretary, The Infants Hospital, Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.1.

IRREGULARITY KEEPS A CHILD BACK

Unless a movement takes place every day your child will be weakly, peevish, dull and stunted. So if your child is sluggish attend to it without delay. But be careful what you give, because purging weakens a child and leaves the system more bound than ever.

Doctors and nurses everywhere advise 'California Syrup of Figs' because they know that to cure constipation you must use a liquid laxative so that you can regulate the dose as the system acts naturally. You can't do this with pills and tablets.

Give your children a regular weekly dose and see how they love it, how it helps them to grow and thrive. Be sure to get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. 1/3 and 2/6 (economy size) of all chemists.

A BEAUTIFUL FAIRY TALE COMES TO LIFE

SNOW WHITE

AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

All the wistful charm of those delightful characters in the greatest fairy tale film ever produced are reproduced in FULL COLOURS from the Walt Disney originals in this wonderful new game.

"SNOW WHITE" captures all the happy, bright sunshine atmosphere, the ethereal beauty, the originality and the inspiration of the picture which has taken the world by storm.

It is a game of endless fascination, easy to play with cards that in themselves are a constant joy to handle.

It can be played by two or more players. Each pack contains cards and full book of rules. "SNOW WHITE" is for all the family—not only for children but for all those who are young in heart. Everyone who loves the seven dwarfs, Snow White and all the other delightful characters from the film, will love it. Take home a pack today. All big stores and stationers sell it.

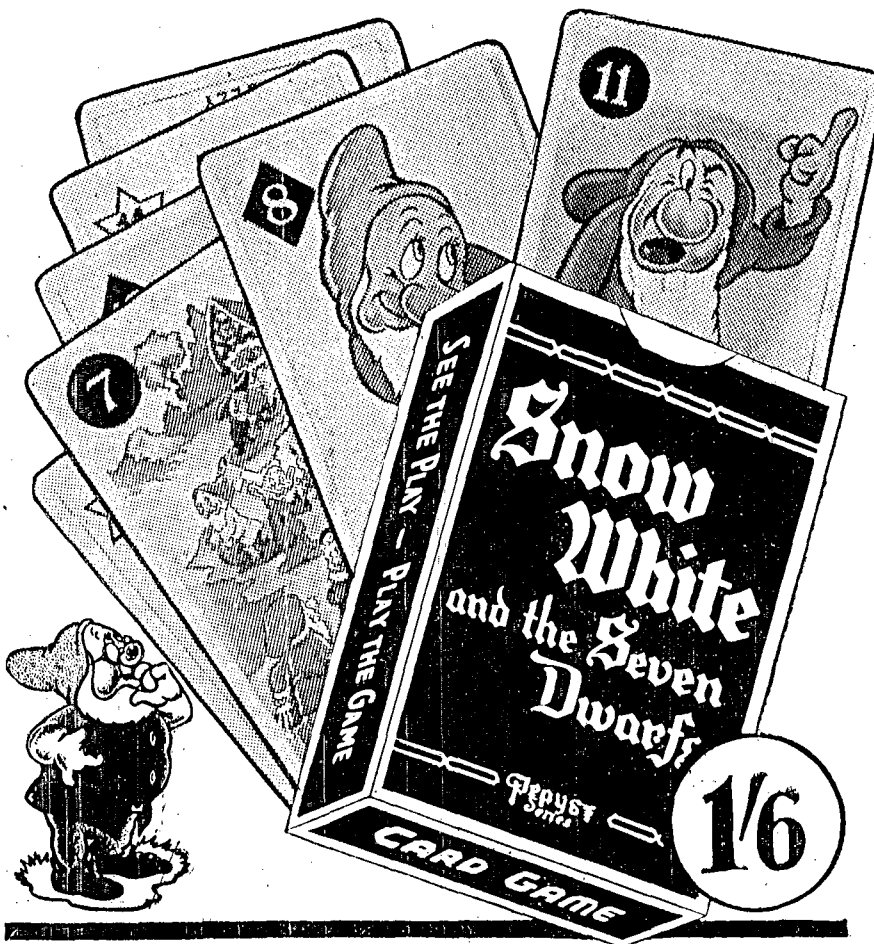


Founded on the Famous WALT DISNEY FILM

By permission WALT DISNEY-
MICKEY MOUSE, Ltd.

A SIMPLE, FRIENDLY, FASCINATING GAME

Pepys Series Every good Stationer
and Store sells
"SNOW WHITE."
Published by Castell Bros., Ltd.,
London and Glasgow.



THE ABYSSINIA AND QUEEN ASTRID. PACKET FREE.

With the African war over, stamps from Abyssinia will become scarce. There is a large pictorial stamp from that country in this packet of 35 different; a portrait stamp issued to perpetuate the memory of Belgium's lovely Queen whose tragic death shocked the world; a stamp depicting King Leopold and also King Albert; a historical stamp depicting our War Memorial in Whitehall, and one from Manchukuo; Chili, Guatemala, and Roy King of Jugoslavia; and set of Bohemia. Finally, there is a Queen Victoria stamp issued 55 years ago. Just send 2d. postage, requesting approvals.

Lisburn & Townsend, Ltd. (C.N.), Liverpool.

16,000 poor children

will be given a day in the country, or by the sea, this summer—if funds permit. Will you please help to make this possible? The cost is 2/- each.

R.S.V.P. to THE REV. PERCY INESON, Supt.
East End Mission,
Central Hall, Bromley St., Commercial Rd., Stepney, E.1

YOU WHO KNOW THE CN...

... need not be told that it is a paper which deals with all the news that *really* matters... that the sensational and the sordid have no place in its pages... that the boy or girl, or the man or woman, who reads the CN regularly stands out above the crowd as well-informed concerning the affairs of the world today.

KNOWING this, would you not wish to introduce the paper to a good friend? Please pass this copy on when you have finished with it and show your friend the Order Form below, which should be filled in and handed to a newsagent.

ORDER FORM

To Newsagent

Please deliver THE
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
every Thursday until further
notice to the following address:

Date Signature

If no newsagent is available the CN can be delivered at any address in the world for 11s a year. Please send a cheque or postal order to the Amalgamated Press, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

FREE PATTERNS

for 2 Frocks
and a
Blouse
& Skirt



MAKE your own pretty frocks! All these delightful patterns are given FREE in this BESTWAY Book. It also contains designs for everything needed by the schoolgirl in summer. A series of helpful hints illustrated by diagrams show the best ways of achieving the various trimmings employed.

BESTWAY

Fashion Book No. 146

SUMMER FASHIONS FOR GIRLS IN THEIR 'TEENS

6d at all Newsagents and Bookstalls, or 7d. post free (Home or Abroad) from BESTWAY, Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.



MARIE ELISABETH REALLY ARE SARDINES!
A NEW THRILL—
Try them grilled on
toast.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

June 4, 1938

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

Out of Tune

The customer in the shoe shop was most exacting, and after some time the manager approached the assistant, asking him quietly: "Can't you satisfy this gentleman?"

"I'm afraid not, sir," whispered the assistant. "He wants two shoes which squeak on the same note."

What Cathedrals Are Here?

WHEN the letters of the following jumbled words are arranged in their proper order they will spell the names of eight cathedrals of England or Wales.

CROSHTEER STEELCROUG
GRETHOUBUP GRABON
SLIRLAGE BRATYCURNE
LAYBUSSIR WROSKHAUT

Answer next week

Old Ben Bole

OLD Ben Bole was a busy old mole, A busy old mole was he. He worked underground, where a living he found For his wife and family. Every mole had many a meal, and many a meal had he— He worked for his life, and he worked for his wife, And he worked for his children three.

Ici on Parle Français



Le pot à peinture Le banc du jardin Le pinceau
paint-pot garden-seat brush

Nous sommes en train de repeindre les bancs du jardin. J'ai mon petit pinceau à moi et un pot à peinture.

We are painting the seats in the garden. I have my own little brush and paint-pot.

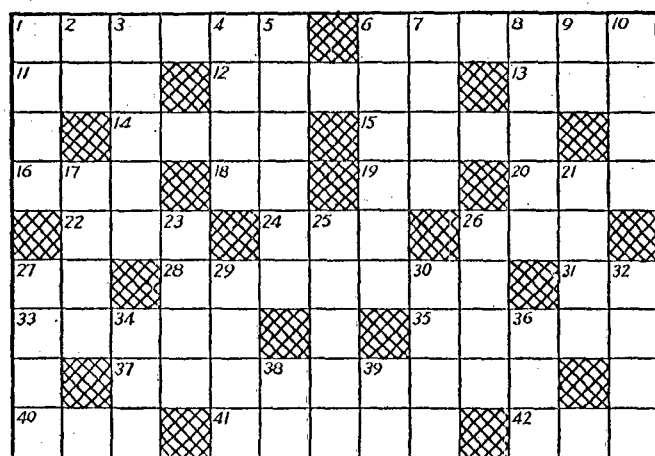
Magic Figures

HERE is a remarkable arrangement of the figures 1 to 9. They are in the form of a square, and it will be found that the columns and rows add up to 15 in every possible direction, vertical, horizontal, and diagonal.

Nature News
To make sense of the following sentences replace each word in capital letters with one of the kind mentioned. For example: I have lost my **RISH** in the book because the marker dropped out. The missing word is of course **PLACE**.
1. I don't feel at all well.
I find it difficult to **BIRD**,

Answer next week

The CN Cross Word Puzzle



Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues. Answer next week

In the Countryside Now



The Spotted Flycatcher, like the Swallow, will return to the same nesting site year after year. Taking up a site on a fence, it will continually dart after passing insects.

The Lobster Moth caterpillar is one of the strange looking insects found on beech trees.

You may see a charming sight by the stream if you go carefully - a family of young Kingfishers perched on a bough over the water.

The Devil's Coach-horse, which cocks its tail and rushes round alarmingly when disturbed, is harmless although its pincers will grip a finger. Its food consists of injurious insects.

Answer next week

A Wonderful Country

THE name of a certain European country is spelled with eleven letters, and from these letters it is possible to make up at least 26 other words, such as:

East, west, land, sea, air, water, stand, sit, slate, tile, new, stale, late, rise, slide, wander, winter, near, dates, dirt, slander, steal, rates, alter, write, raze.

When you have found the name of the country no doubt you will be able to make other words. Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

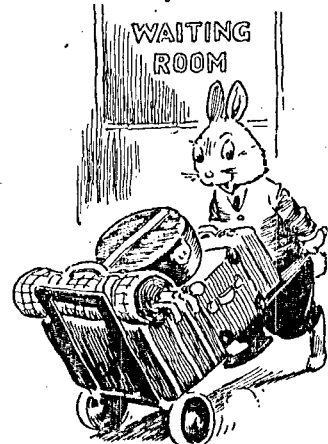
IN the evening Venus and Mars are in the west and Neptune in the south. In the morning Jupiter is in the south-east and Saturn in the east. The picture shows the moon at half-past nine on Sunday evening, June 5.

A Puzzle Proverb
HERE is a well-known proverb from which every alternate letter has been left out. Can you guess what it is?
POLWOIENLSHUESOLNTHOSOE
Answer next week

What Happened on Your Birthday

- June 5. Louis X died . . . 1316
6. Patrick Henry, American patriot and orator, died . . . 1799
7. Robert Bruce died . . . 1329
8. Sir John Millais born . . . 1829
9. Charles Dickens died . . . 1870
10. Prince James Stuart, the Old Pretender, born . . . 1688
11. George I died . . . 1727

Holiday Time



EVERYONE gets in my way; This isn't a life of ease! Today is our busy day; So mind your backs, if you please!

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Peter Puck's Fun Fair
Try This. You can lift the matchbox cover and the tray by placing your mouth over the top of the cover and inhaling deeply, lifting the head at the same time.
How Many P's? There are at least 19 objects: pail, paint, paintbrush, painter, painting, palette, palings, panes (of glass), patch, path, pears, picture, pipe, pond, pony, poplars, poppy, post, pumpkin.

The Match Problem



Reading Across. 1. When forming these be sure they are good. 6. To mix in due proportion. 11. In England this is 45 inches. 12. A familiar anaesthetic. 13. The personality. 14. A small yard. 15. A roll of names. 16. Pointed instrument used for fastening things together. 18. Mister.* 19. French for the. 20. To devour. 22. A kind of snowshoe. 24. Before. 26. A kind of vase. 27. Electric light.* 28. Reduces to a peace footing. 31. Transpose.* 33. A depository. 35. The nest of a bird of prey. 37. Abundance. 40. River in Germany. 41. A coin struck to commemorate an event. 42. A spot.
Reading Down. 1. Assistance. 2. Chemical symbol for aluminium. 3. Empty. 4. To be abundant. 5. Looks earnestly. 6. One who counts votes. 7. Famous North American lake. 8. The blue flag hoisted by a merchant ship before leaving dock. 9. For example.* 10. The part of a plant beneath ground. 17. Land surrounded by water. 21. Prefix suggesting opposition. 23. An image. 25. Quick. 26. Employed. 27. Ruin. 29. A detail. 30. To maltreat severely. 32. A tear. 34. A second addition to a letter.* 36. A primary colour. 38. Compass point.* 39. Territorial Army.*

Tales Before Bedtime

Wanted—A Car

THIS is the true story of Tommy and the tomatoes.

Tommy is a little boy who lives in Pretoria in Africa, and, as you will see, he believes in working for what he wants.

One day Daddy and Mummy and Tommy went out shopping, and Tommy took his Saturday penny along with him to spend.

Daddy was thinking of buying a larger car, and while they were looking at some beautiful ones in a show-room Tommy suddenly said, "Please I want that one!" and offered the salesman his penny for the biggest.

Of course the man was very much amused, and Mummy had to explain that a car costs lots and lots of tiffies. (Tiekie is the African name for a threepenny-bit.)

Tommy seemed to understand, but instead of being discouraged he soon thought out a plan for getting what he wanted.

The next afternoon Mummy wanted to turn out the front room, so she said:

"Run off and play in the garden, Tommy, and don't get up to any mischief!"

Tommy disappeared at once and Mummy started her work.

Presently there was a knock at the door and one of the neighbours came in.

"I wonder if you know what your small son is doing," she said. "If not, just come and have a look."

Mummy followed her down the path and they both leaned over the front gate.

There was Tommy sitting on the kerb with a basket full of tomatoes from the garden, which he was trying to sell at 3d a pound!

Mummy had had a tremendous struggle to get her tomatoes to grow at all, and at this particular season they were still grass green and quite small.

Tommy knew that his Mummy usually paid 3d a pound for tomatoes when she went to market, and he expected the neighbours to buy his at the same price.

The unfortunate part of it was that he had completely stripped the plants, so there would be no chance of home-grown tomatoes in the salad that year!

"But whatever made you do it?" asked Mummy, quite mystified.

"I wanted the money for my car," explained her son brightly, "and I thought I'd get lots this way."

Needless to say, Tommy had to shut up shop very quickly after that.

MOTHERS LEARN VALUE OF 'MILK OF MAGNESIA'



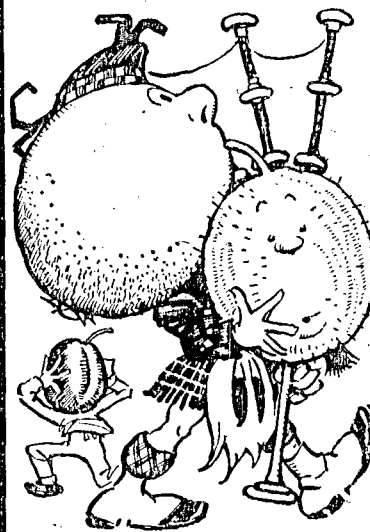
Because it is so helpful in keeping babies and children healthy and happy, every mother should know about the many uses of 'Milk of Magnesia.'

This harmless, almost tasteless preparation is most effective in relieving those symptoms of babies and children generally caused by souring food in the little digestive tract, such as disordered stomach, frequent vomiting, feverishness, colic. As a mild laxative it acts gently, but certainly, to open the little bowels in constipation, colds and children's ailments.

A teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia' does the work of half a pint of lime-water in neutralizing cow's milk for infant feeding, and preventing hard curds.

Of all chemists. Prices: 1/3 and 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

All enquiries concerning advertisement space in this publication should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER, Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4.



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